Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

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H. C. VALENTINE NAMED AS POSTMASTER HERE

Congressman Patton Sent His Name to Department Saturday.

UNIVERSAL APPROVAL

Selection for Vacancy Caused by Recent Death of Capt. Williams Recommended by Many Business Men and Others in Bellefonte.

Harry C. Valentine is Bellefonte's new postmaster. Congressman Patton on Saturday sent Mr. Valentine's name to the Postoffice Department.

Mr. Valentine's appointment will be sent to the senate by President Taft There were several contestants in the field for the vacancy caused by the recent death of Captain S. H. Williams. The support accorded the application of Mr. Valentine was so overwhelming as to assume the proportions of a non-partison movement and his ultimate selection for the honor was a foregone conclusion.

From the beginning the candidacy of Mr. Valentine was largely in the hands of his host of friends in Bellefonte. They aggressively waged a contest in his behalf with the result that scores of letters of indorsement from representative citizens, Republicans and Democrats, poured in upon Congressman Patton, at Washington. Several other aspirants last week withdrew upon learning of the widespread demand for Mr. Valentine's appointment and joined in urging his selection. In recognition of this demonstration of sentiment Congressman Patton formally recommended the appointment.

Mr. Valentine did not learn until Sunday of his good fortune. A telephone message conveyed to him the good news while he was at the dinner table. He expressed himself as greatly pleased, and with characteristic modesty added that it would be his aim to be a good postmaster.

TWO NEIGHBORS DIE

Two Aged Residents of Fiedler Pass Away But Few Hours Apart.

By a strange coincidence two of the oldest residents of Fiedler passed away with but a few hours separating their deaths. They had lived as neighbors and intimate friends for many years. In each instance the death was somewhat unexpected.

Mrs. Emanuel Wetzel died on Saturday afternoon, aged 76 years and 2 months. Her death was caused by paralysis. Surviving are a husband, one daughter. Mrs. Elmer Boob, of Fiedler, and one son, Allen Wetzel, of Scotland, South Dakota. Four grandchildren also survive. Interment was made at Woodward on Wednesday morning.

On Sunday morning Mrs. B. B. Stover, widow of the late Benjamin Stover, passed away, aged 85 years, 10 months and 20 days. Surviving is one son, J. D. Stover, also four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Interment was made at Wolf's chapel today.

Want Local Option Pledges.

At a meeting of the Centre County Ministerial Union, held in Bellefonte on January 29th., the officers were reelected for the ensuing year. The presiding officer stated the purpose of the meeting and after a very general discussion the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolutions to be presented to the chairman of the various political organizations of the county.

"We most earnestly and courteously request that you will use your influence in securing as the nominee of your party, for the Pennsylvania State Legislature, a man who will pledge himself:—

"(a) Favorable to and willing to vote for the Local Option Bill that will be presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature by the Anti-Saloon League.

"(b) Opposed to all bills that may be introduced in the Pennsylvania State Legislature, in the form of anti-temperance legislation."

The Executive Committee was instructed to present these resolutions to the several County Chairmen and also to interrogate each individual candidate for the State Legislature before the primary elections are held.

Died in Hospital.

John Pinchot, an aged citizen of Snow Shoe, died on Monday in the Lock Haven hospital. His death was due to a complication of diseases. Undertaker W. A. Kessinger, of Mill Hall, took charge of the body and shipped it to Snow Shoe, where interment was made.

KILLED BY TRAIN

Milesburg Young Man Victim of Sad Accident at Tyrone.

Jacob Shultz, a young man from Milesburg and a member of the well known and highly respected Shultz family at that place, was instantly killed on Monday night in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Tyrone. Young Shultz, who was employed as a brakeman, accidentally fell from a box car and his body was cut into pieces. The accident happened so suddenly that the young man was dead before his fellow-workmen missed him from the train.

Young Shultz, who was an exceptionally fine boy and popular with a wide circle of friends, had only been working as a railroad brakeman since November of last year. He was born at Milesburg on April 4, 1894, making his age 18 years, 10 months and 1 day. He was a son of William H. and Jane Shultz, who survive as do also the following brothers and sisters: Fred, of Milesburg; Miss May Shultz, of Tyrone, and Miss Anna Shultz, of Milesburg. Also the following step-brothers and sisters: Harry Fike and John Shultz, of Milesburg; Mrs. Henry Casper, Bellefonte; Mrs. Blanche Henderson, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. William Bathurst, Bellefonte; Mrs. William Hockenbury, Tyrone; Mrs. Harry Brant, and Mrs. Samuel Steer, Patton. The body was taken to the Shultz home in Milesburg on Tuesday and the funeral was held yesterday.

7 ELECTRIC CHARTERS

Issued to Clearfield Promoters and Cover Many Sections of Centre County.

Charters were issued at Harrisburg on Tuesday for seven so-called electric companies, covering the right to operate in Howard, Potter, Boggs, Benner, Spring and College townships and Centre Hall borough. The charter in each instance was applied for by the same group of Clearfield promoters, namely, A. W. Lee, J. W. Wrigley and A. J. Musser.

The capital of each so-called company is set forth as $5000. Each so-called company is supposed to have offices in Bellefonte.

Supposedly the [illegible] several townships is manufacturing and transmitting electrical current for lighting and power. Thus far nobody here has been enlightened as to just what the promoters really propose doing, whether they mean to engage in actual operations or merely use the charters and such franchises as may be obtainted for purposes of speculation.

Painful Injury to Foot.

W. Scott Holter, whose home is near Howard and who is the efficient teacher of the Hunter Run school, is the victim of a very painful and rather unusual injury. For a time it was feared that he might lose one of his feet, but fortunately this was avoided and he now appears to be on the road to recovery. On Christmas day he fell and hurt his foot and after a short time the injury had healed sufficiently to enable him to walk to and from his school. About two weeks ago the foot began to give him trouble and within a few hours' time had become so badly swollen that he feared the skin would break. He suffered the most intense pain. On the following day the foot was covered with purple spots and it was feared that the trouble would spread through the leg and body. His suffering continued some time before the swelling began to subside. Now the foot is almost normal but is still so painful that Mr. Holter cannot put his weight upon it. The school directors have installed another teacher in the Hunter Run school until Mr. Holter is able to resume teaching. Just when this will be he cannot predict. His friends have been calling on him to help cheer him up. A rather remarkable incident was a call made on him last Wednesday by an uncle, Christ Holter, who is 78 years of age, but who walked from Howard, a distance of four miles, and after spending the day walked back to Howard in the evening.

W. C. T. U. Reception.

On last Thursday evening the W. C. T. U., of Blanchard, gave a reception to their new members at the home of the president, Mrs. William Bechdel. Twenty-six members were present and after a short program the evening was spent socially. A superintendent was appointed for scientific temperance instruction in the schools. Arrangements have been made to have all the pastors in Blanchard and Beech Creek preach on temperance in November. Thus far 1500 pages of temperance literature have been distributed.

The condition of Frank McCoy, who has been so seriously ill at his home on West Linn Street, was yesterday said to be slightly improved. He is resting more comfortably than was the case last week.

THOMAS LUCAS TELLS OF BATTLE WITH THUGS

Howard Young Man Describes How He Was Robbed

HAD NARROW ESCAPE

Son of Reuben Lucas, of Howard, Writes Home Interesting Letter From Silver Creek, N. Y.—Knocked Out One of His Assailants.

Several weeks ago "The Republican" published an account of the attack by thugs on Thomas Lucas, of Howard, while visiting his sister, Mrs. Sigelco, at Silver Creek, near Buffalo, N. Y. It developed that the injuries sustained by Mr. Lucas were so serious that his life for a time was despaired of. The thugs robbed him of $70 or $80 and left him lying unconscious in the street. Mr. Lucas was confined to his bed for several weeks, just recently being able to be about. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lucas, well known and highly esteemed residents of Howard, and in a most interesting letter to his father he describes in detail the "hold-up." We have secured from Mr. Lucas a copy of the letter, which was dated Silver Creek, N. Y., February 1, and publish that part telling of the "hold-up." Mr. Lucas is located at Pottsville, where he is an instructor in a business college. In the opening paragraphs of his letter he speaks in a humorous vein of his appearance after being in bed for several weeks. Continuing, and describing the "hold-up," the letter says:

But, coming to the point as to just what and how it all happened. On the morning of December 23, at 2:16 o'clock, I boarded the "Buffalo Flyer" at Pottsville, Pa., a little city of 20,000 inhabitants snugly ensconced in the mountains in the hard coal region in Schuylkill County, and which, years ago, gained unenviable notoriety as being the hot bed of the "Mollie Maguiers.

I was enroute for this pretty thriving little [illegible] and Two [illegible] year-old, Ralph Lucas Sigelco.

Twenty miles west of Corning, N. Y., our "Flyer" stopped flying and obstinately refused to flap a "wing." After a long and tedious delay, we secured a real live "flyer" and flew into Rochester, at 7.30, just three hours late. I was then eighty miles from my destination. In the station at Rochester, I was delighted to meet two charming young women friends, school fellows at Rochester University, during the summer of '10. They were on their way home, in Dunkirk, just eight miles beyond my destination. We all boarded the same train and I'm sure I never travelled eighty miles in such an amazingly short time.

I arrived at sister's home at about 11 o'clock Saturday night and, it is needless to say was having an enjoyable visit. Friday, late in the afternoon, the two friends above referred to, including a gentleman friend, came over from Dunkirk by trolley, and very kindly invited me to join a theatre party going to Buffalo that night to see "A Servant in the House." We met the eight other members of the party on the train arriving here at 6.30. The play was unusually good and we all thoroughly enjoyed it. I enjoyed even more, however, the vivacity and bright, scintillating sallies of humor of the other members of the party, as they were all bright, alert, snappy young people, and there was hardly a moment that there did not come from some quarter, a "spontaneous combustion" of wit.

On the return, arriving at Silver Creek at 12.30 Saturday morning, I bade the party good night and left the train. It was a remarkably still, quiet early morning, not a sound could be heard save the distant rumbling of the receding train and the "swish," "swash" of the waves on the lake, as they rolled in and broke gently on the shore, but a few yards distant. There was chill aplenty in the atmosphere, and I was walking briskly, pondering over the very pleasant evening I had spent. As I entered the east portal of the arch over which pass the P. R. R. and Nickel Plate tracks, I observed two men approaching from the west portal, but I paid little attention to them. As we met however, and as I was about to step to the right to pass, the one who was slightly in advance of the other, without a word or warning, clutched my throat. I grabbed him also by the throat and thus we struggled for a few seconds.

In the meantime I observed that my assailant's pal was making strenuous efforts to get behind me. I knew what that meant and fought desperately to

Continued on page 4.

HIGH STREET BRIDGE MAY LAND IN COURT

County Commissioners Say Borough's Share of Cost is $2916.

BORO. SAYS NAY! NAY!!

Dispute Whether Bellefonte Council is Under Pledge to Pay One-Third of $4500 or of $8750—Just a Mere Trifle of Say, About $1000.

It is just possible that a suit in court will be the outcome of an existing difference between the Board of County Commissioners and Bellefonte Council as to the portion Bellefonte borough shall pay toward the building of the new bridge over Spring creek, nearby the Bush House. For the borough it is claimed that a resolution of Council, adopted October 5, 1911, committed the borough to the payment of $1500 toward the cost of the new bridge. On the other hand, it is contended for the County that the borough is responsible for one-third of the cost. The total cost amounts to $8750 and the borough's share would be $2916.66, or almost $1000 more than the borough is willing to concede.

And thereby hangs—or opens up—a tale. The contention of the borough is that originally the proposed new bridge, or bridge superstructure as some term it, was to cost $4500. Of this amount the borough agreed to pay $1500, which, of course, represented one third of the amount. When the York Bridge Company was about to proceed with the erection of the new superstructure it was met with protest by downtown business men, who claimed that the undertrusses were so low as to endanger nearby property in time of foods. To meet these objections it was decided to erect a different style of superstructure. Incidentally, the latter was billed at a figure considerably in excess of $4500, namely $[illegible] Council [illegible]n't consider the [illegible] mitted [illegible] and [illegible] in [illegible] 1911, specifying [illegible] original [illegible] amount as the borough's share of the indebtedness, was duly forwarded to the new Board of County Commissioner.

Now comes the other side to the story. For the county it is contended that the borough, through a committee of the old Council, is pledged to pay one-third of the cost of the new bridge. The Board of County Commissioners accordingly addressed to Council a letter setting forth this fact and after explaining that the total cost was $8750 and the borough's share $2916.66, bluntly stated that the borough would be expected to pay over this amount and not $1500. Furthermore, the letter stated that the county was in need of funds, and, if you please, kindly pay over the said $2916.66.

The matter was thoroughly discussed at the Monday night meeting of Council. The records were overhauled and the resolution having to do with the $1500 item was read for the information of the new members. Taking the ground that the borough was pledged to pay but $1500, and not one-third of $8750, Council directed that the letter from the Board of County Commissioners be "received and filed." The matter is now up to the Board of County Commissioners.

Aside from this, Council disposed of little business of any special interest. Notes were ordered drawn for $1000 and $2000, for one year, at five percent, to take up old notes for like amounts, and also a note for $7000, for three months, at five percent, to meet a note for the same amount and which fell due on February 6. W. A. Ishler, collector of water rents, was exonerated for $314.93, representing chiefly water rents on houses which have been closed all or the greater part of the past year. Bills amounting to $1150 were ordered drawn to cover current expenses.

Stormstown Girl a Bride.

Judson A. Williams, of Port Matilda, and Miss Luella N. Nearhoof, of Stormstown, were married at Altoona Wednesday evening, of last week by Rev. S. B Evans. The groom is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company at Altoona where the newly married couple will reside. Mr. and Mrs. William have a host of friends who wish them much happiness.

No Serious Cattle Disease.

Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, a member of the State Livestock Sanitary Board, was called to Huntingdon county on Tuesday to pass judgment on a reported case of foot and mouth disease. On his return he pronounced that the much-dreaded disease was not found to exist and that there was no cause for alarm among stock growers.

WILLIAM R. BARTLEY DEAD

Well Known Resident of Bellefonte Passed Away on Sunday Morning.

After an illness of two weeks and three days, William R. Bartley, one of Bellefonte's oldest and most highly esteemed residents, passed away on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. His death was due to a complication of diseases incident to advanced years. Funeral services were held from the late home yesterday at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church, and Rev. S. H. Engler, pastor of the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church. Interment was made at Zion.

Deceased was born in Union County on February 6, 1830, making his age 77 years, 11 months and 29 days. He had made his home in Bellefonte during the last forty years. During the Civil war he served with bravery and distinction as a member of Company F, Forty-ninth Regiment, Penna. Vols. By all who knew him he was held in high regard, for he was a man who lived an upright, Christian life, endeavoring at all times to deal fairly and justly with all with whom he came into contact. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, living consistently with that faith for many years and until the time of his death. Surviving to mourn his passing away are a widow and the following children: Howard, of Bellefonte; Irvin, of Chicago, and James, Charles, Elmer, Mrs. Alice Thompson and Frank, all of Bellefonte. One brother and two sisters also survive: Henry, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Katherine Florey, of Pine Grove Mills, and Mrs. Mary Albright, of Millheim.

How Lock Haven Handled It.

For some months past Lock Haven Council has been struggling with the problem of entering into a new contract for electric lighting. The Scootac Power Company, which is being promoted and which promises cheaper lighting and power, asked that Lock Haven refrain from entering into any long contract at the present time. Seeing competition ahead, the Lock Haven Electric [illegible] & Power Company, which has been [illegible] Representatives of the Scootac Power Company contended that it would be unfair to enter into such a contract and the matter dragged along for several months. At Monday night's meeting of the Lock Haven Council many persons anticipated that the matter would be disposed of, and consequently a large number of taxpayers, including ladies, were on hand to show by their presence that they were interested. Council finally adopted a resolution to enter into a five-year contract with the old company at the reduced rates proposed, but incorporated into the resolution the following clause:

"Provided, however, that if at any time during the life of the proposed contract the Patterson Scootac Light, Heat & Power Company, or any other corporation or individual, shall be in position to furnish electric current within the limits of the city of Lock Haven, then the contract with the Lock Haven Electric Light & Power Company shall cease, terminate and be void upon 30 days notice by either party to the other; the city then to ask for bids for lighting the streets for a period of one year."

By adopting this course Lock Haven places itself in position to reap the benefit of competition, should the Scootac or any other competing company become ready to enter the field. The old company which has been awarded the contract with this condition, made the following reductions in charges: Arc lamps, reduced from $65 to $62.50; Tungsten lights reduced from $18 to $15. In addition to these reductions the old company agrees to not only place free lights in the Council chamber, mayor's office, city clerk's office, poor house and fire houses, but volunteered to meet any lower price for lighting which might be proposed by the Scootac Company.

Out For Delegates.

Tom M. McClellan, editor of the Mt. Jewitt "Herald", was intown this week in the interest of Asher R. Johnson, of Bradford, who is a candidate for Democratic national delegate from the Twenty-first Congressional District. P. Gray Meek, of Bellefonte, is also being proposed as a candidate for the honor. A petition entering him as a candidate was this week circulated for signatures by Jim. Cornelly.

Placing Stickers on Ballots.

The pasting of stickers over a name printed on a primary ballot, or over the official square opposite to such a name, instead of in the blank space provided for the purpose, was on Monday declared illegal by Justice Von Morchizisker in an opinion handed down in the Supreme Court.

FRANCIES WILL DIRECT BUILDING OF PRISON

Will Resign in Near Future as Warden of Western Penitentiary

TO MAKE HOME HERE

Following Removal of Western and Eastern Penitentiaries Mr. Francies Will Become Head of Consolidated Institutions.

John Francies will before a great while resign as warden of the western penitentiary and devote his entire time to his duties as superintendent of construction of the new penitentiary to be built nearby Bellefonte. Just when Mr. Francies will relinquish his position as warden is not known. It is known, however, that a new warden will be chosen to enable Mr. Francies to take entire charge of the construction work on the new and larger prison.

His position as superintendent of construction will result in Mr. Francies making his home in Bellefonte the greater part of the time. Whether he will select a home in town or build on the prison grounds is not known.

The supposition is that when the new penitentiary is completed, and the eastern penitentiary merged with it, Mr. Francies will be placed at the head of the one institution.

HENRY FISHBURN DEAD

Passed Away on Sunday While on Visit to Daughter at Indiana.

While at the home of a daughter, Mrs. R. G. Tate, at Indiana, Pa., where he had planned spending the winter, the venerable Henry Fishburn died on Sunday morning, last, aged 87 years and 16 days. His body was brought to Bellefonte at noon on Tuesday. Interment will be made on Friday morning in the [illegible] following fun[illegible] Deceased was [illegible] son[illegible] and best known residents of this section. He was an active member of the Reformed church and for almost 42 years was a member of the Odd Fellows. He went to Indiana on January 8th., expecting to remain there until spring. Death, however, changed all this and when he came home it was to be consigned to his final resting place.

Surviving are eight sons and two daughters, as follows: J. P. Fishburn, of Kansas City, Mo.; G. K., of Amboy, Ill.; W. N., of Bellefonte; C. H., of Boalton, Ill.; J. L., of Conneautville, Pa.; F. R., of Pittsburg; O. W., of Indiana, and P. S. of Pittsburg, and Mrs. John Martin, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. R. G. Tate, of Indiana.

Alleged Burning of Step-Son.

Mrs. Adam Sheetz was arrested on Tuesday at Nanty-Glo and hurried to the Cambria county jail, at Ebensburg, charged with punishing a young step-son by burning him about the body. A physician, called in to attend another member of the family, discovered the burns and the child finally described how they had been inflicted. Feeling in the community ran high against the woman and it was deemed advisable to hurry her to the Ebensburg jail. The child said that he had frequently been punished in this manner.

Died at Warren.

Mrs. Maria Foley, aged 71 years, died on Sunday evening at the State hospital at Warren. Her death terminated a long illness. She was admitted to the hospital about twenty-seven years ago. The remains were brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday morning and taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clayton Rider, at Coleville. Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning, interment being made in the Catholic cemetery.

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Hannah G. Holt, Unionville; Eugenia Bower, aged 8yrs, Bellefonte; Miss Thelma Trafford, Bellefonte.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Edith Vonada, John Trafford, Marcella Bryer, Bellefonte; Tobias Green, Milesburg; Mrs. Emma Bathurst, Curtin; Elden Leathers, aged 13yrs., Snow Shoe.

30 patients now in the hospital.

Sabbath night, at the Presbyterian Church, the pastor will discuss a topic that is in keeping with the anniversary of Lincoln's birth. The subject he has chosen, "What are some of the reasons why we love Lincoln?" The public will be interested in and should avail itself of this service.

SAYS STATE COLLEGE IS WITHOUT A RIVAL

Visiting Newspaper Man Writes Interesting Letter.

TELLS OF ADVANTAGES

G. M. Graham, Athletic Editor of the North American, Says One Understands Worth of Institution Only After Tour of Inspection.

"It is not possible for even the sporting man who goes to State College to write about football alone.

Primarily, the trips which the writer, with the assistance of Illustrator Hoban, has been making to the colleges of Pennsylvania have had for their purpose to tell of the football elevens.

In the main it has been possible to limit the articles to the gridiron, but there is so much that charms in State College in its real greatness is so little known to the general public and its various activities are so vitally important that the visitor, whether he wills or no, finds his attention inevitably drawn to other phases of State College life than its great eleven, which has been making such a notable record this year.

It is characteristic of every man who goes to State College that he ever entertains for it afterward an enthusiasm that never dulls.

This devotion is more than mere college loyalty—it is something that gets bred into the bone and fiber. It is the permanent proof that the instructors of the institution have succeeded in the basic aim of their work, which is nothing more nor less than to turn out men—men who shall be many sided, who shall be enterprising, original, courageous and indomitable.

State College is essentially American. It is located in the kind of a section that might have produced an Abraham Lincoln. Situated way up in the mountains, far from cities, the tang of things primal is in the air. The stuff of which a pioneer is made vibrates at every turn.

There are no cads at State. It is not a place where rich men's sons idle away four pleasant years, with no purpose more serious than to be good fellows and get out of the spring years of their lives the last word in fun.

Up there among the mountains, in the bluff, biting air, in the panorama of stretching fields and forests, in woodlands where the hunter can still give battle to the bear [illegible]

All Students in Earnest.

To go from classroom to classroom is to pass from company to company of students, all serious and earnest-faced, all concentrated on the work before them, all applying to its accomplishments the last ounce of mental power possessed.

By reason of the isolation of the college home, the men are in constant contact with their teachers, who become their companions and friends. This isolation also removes them by fourteen miles from the nearest point where liquor of any kind can be purchased.

They live on milk, butter and other food products produced under scientific regulation; they spend hours in the open air; they exercise constantly under healthful direction, and as a result the entire student body presents a most amazing collection of huge, husky, physically impressive men.

Is it a marvel that from such an institution can be produced great athletes?

Is it astonishing that State College is constantly feeding the big leagues with ball players?

Is it a wonder that State has had a team this year that was good enough to take the measure of two members of the big six—Cornell and Pennsylvania?

State College goes back something like half a century for its beginnings. It was established under the famous land grant of 1862, introduced and passed by Senator Morrill. In accepting the terms of the above act, the commonwealth of Pennsylvania contracted with the United States government to conduct an institution of higher learning for the purpose of preparing the industrial classes in the many pursuits and industries of life.

The intention of the agreement was to make it possible for any son or daughter of Pennsylvania to prepare practically for a useful life in any of the industries or professions.

The widest possible scope of choice was to be offered, the range including the mechanical arts and sciences. The agricultural sciences were especially mentioned.

In obtaining this training, each student was to be compelled to take courses in military science and drill.

To properly carry out the purposes of the institution, the board of trustees was designated by the legislature to be the governor and other state officials, a part to be the appointees of the governor, a part to be elected by the organized industrial societies of the state and the remainder to be elected by the college alumni.

Thus, the majority of the board was made directly subject to the will of the people, a condition almost unique in educational institutions.

The board, to carry out the duties in the spirit of the agreement named above, divided the college internally into several schools or subdivisions: namely, engineering, agriculture, natural science, mines, liberal arts, domestic science, military science and physical education.

The enrollment in engineering (including mining and chemical engineering) is approximately 1000 students, and the work ranks with the upper six or seven similar institutions in the United States.

Agriculture ranks second in enrollment and its students number 650. This line of work has a reputation for usefulness.

The remainder of the 2000 students are enrolled in liberal arts and other works.

The technical courses include more language, writing and political science study than is to be found in any other strong similar course in the United States.

The college is strictly a creature of the people, is controlled by the people and secures its students from all classes of the people.

It is supported entirely from public funds. It has no private endowment and is not subject to control by private interests.

The institution is an integral part of the public school system of the state and hence gives free tuition, as do the other entirely state-supported schools of the commonwealth.

A Contract Well Kept.

Never was a contract more faithfully kept than the one which gave the state of Pennsylvania this noble institution.

State has gone far beyond the limits of a school or college for the training of the young. It has advanced to the dignity of being one of the foremost scientific experimental institutions in the United States.

In many forms of research State College is beginning where most other experimenters left off.

And all this work is intensely practical.

It is no mere chimera that these serious professors and earnest students chase here.

They are after inventions and methods that will produce dollars and that will enable State College graduates to go out into the industrial and engineering world to be presidents of companies, chief engineers, superintendents and leaders generally.

It doesn't take a technical man to get down to the value and intense practicability of the work that is being essayed and achieved here.

It is all stuff that comes home to a man's everyday experience.

In one room you will find them trying to get standards that will show the heat producing powers of various kinds of coal [illegible]

Then the application of electricity fuses the coal to explode. Gauges placed in proper positions register the number of heat units produced by the coal. Thus it is possible to tell with mechanical exactitude just how good the coal is, just how much heat it will produce.

State College buys its coal by this system and doesn't need to pay any attention to the representations of glib salesmen. Specimens of the coal go into the retort, the explosion is made, and the State College buyers know just what the coal is worth.

Similarly there are devices for telling to a certainty just what heat any house furnace or radiator can produce.

The farming course is famous for its advanced work. Cows are milked by machinery. There are wonderful systems for studying the value on cattle of various foods. Milk, butter, cream, eggs and dairy products generally are produced under scientific supervision, with such a notable improvement of quality that farmers all over the state are profiting by the findings.

The most calloused of epicures could be satisfied to return to nature and eat simple foods, providing they were the kind produced here.

Go through the many buildings of the establishment and all kinds of interesting experiments present themselves.

In one room students are working out such abstruse issues as the comparative flexibility and resisting power of various kinds of iron. In another room an expert is working for the production of a cement that will not absorb water.

Way down in the cellars of big buildings students work in a haze of steam, using electric bulbs to get the readings of various kinds of machinery in connection with the solving of engineering problems.

There are replicas of coal mines, there are museums dealing with metallurgy, there are practical electric systems for every kind of use, and such trifling problems as trying to calculate the air pressure produced by various air currents against a railroad engine going at a high rate of speed are dealt with as ordinary in this establishment of applied and practical information."—*The Phila. North American, Nov. 19, 1911.*

How Cold Affects the Kidney.

Avoid taking cold if your kidneys are sensitive. Cold congess the kidneys, throws too much work upon them, and weakens their action. Serious kidney trouble and even Bright's disease may result. Strengthen your kidneys, get rid of the pain and soreness, build them up by the timely use of Foley Kidney Pills. Tonic in action, quick in results. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

WHAT IS AN ANTLER

Courts to Decide Question of Importance to all Hunters.

The question of what constitutes a deer's horn is to be threshed out in the courts of Allegheny county by the State Game Commission some time during the coming spring. Just now the secretary of the commission, Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, is awaiting action by the Dauphin county court on the question of whether the presence of a man in the field with a dog is hunting or whether the man has to have a gun in his possession to be a hunter.

The question that will be taken to Pittsburgh for determination is "What is an antler?" It grows out of the slaughter of very young buck deer, which are claimed by game authorities not to have visible horns. Hunters who were arrested last fall on the charge of shooting deer which did not have horns that could be seen raised the point that the law did not demand that a deer to be game must have a full set of antlers, but merely horns which could be seen. They contended that the knobs or pedicles showing where antlers grow constituted horns within the measuring of the law.

Dr. Kalbfus had an arrest made of a Pittsburgher on the charge of shooting a deer that had no horns and it will be declared by the state that an antler is an antler only when it appears above the hair of the head of the buck.

Significant Opinions.

The indorsement of President Taft and his administration by the Cook county (Ill.) Republican convention at Chicago on Saturday, despite a determined effort to stampede the convention for Col. Roosevelt, is only one of the many straws indicating the strong tide of Taft sentiment throughout the country. An examination of recent issues of the Republican and independent press of the nation, the newspapers of character and standing that have the reputation of accurately reflecting public opinion in their localities, shows the effect of Mr. Taft's recent speeches in Ohio which so impressively portrayed the substantial achievements of his administration. From these addresses many nominal Republicans, who may have been apathetic in their support, gained a new conception of the man and found themselves admiring his fighting qualities and his exposition of the weaknesses and hypocrisy of his opponents.

Yesterday on this page The Gazette Times published a number of extracts from representative newspapers headed "The Loyal West." Today it presents [illegible] expressions of opinion from leading [illegible] per cent Republican, independent newspapers. Lake Tribune says he is "himself the great power and strength of his administration" and "the best equipped man for the presidential office that has occupied the White House for many terms." The Denver Republican points out that the Taft administration has been one of "deeds rather than words. He is wise and enterprising, prudent and conservative." In the east the Buffalo News finds that "the steady current of opinion in his party is toward the President." The Brooklyn Times observes "an increasing approval of Taft for renomination that will require a real boom to counteract." The Hartford Courant concludes that "it will be Taft with little opposition when the Chicago convention gets down to business."

These opinions are of value because they come from journals noted for their conservatism and are couched in calm, thoughtful statements. They are only a few samples, but their significance is not to be ignored.—Pittsburg-Gazette Times.

Union Bible School Report.

In the suburban villages of Bellefonte, within a common radius of not more than two miles, there are four Union Bible Schools, i. e., AxeMann, Coleville, Nittany Furnace and Pleasant View.

FIRST—All of these Bible Schools are ever green; no suspension, Summer or Winter.

SECOND—All of them are self supporting; contributing also somewhat to other outside objects in need.

THIRD—All of them report hopeful conversions in the year of our Lord, 1911.

FOURTH—In these schools not less than eight different religious denominations are represented.

FIFTH—All of them are worshipping and working together unitedly in harmony in "the name that is above every name."

SIXTH—In the four suburbs there are 175 families, not more than 25 of them are attendants in the Bellefonte churches.

SEVENTH—All of these Chapels in which the Bible Schools hold their sessions are paid for; no debt upon them. The Olive Branch Union Chapel alone must seek some outside assistance for needful finishing and furnishing.

EIGHTH—The Churches in Bellefonte are considered, in great measure, responsible for preaching the Gospel and largely accountable for the Christianization of these near neighborhoods, especially for the saving of the young people and little children.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

BIG UTILITIES DEAL

New York Capitalists Take Over Philipsburg Railway, Light and Power Cos.

February 1st. witnessed the formal transfer of all of Philipsburg's public utilities companies by Charles H. Rowland to H. D. Walbridge & Co., of New York. The properties transferred represent a par value in stocks and bonds of approximately $1,500,000. The new owners propose making Philipsburg a distributing center for street railway service and for the transmission of light, heat and power, the field to be operated including sections of Centre and Clearfield Counties.

The several companies included in the deal are the Centre & Clearfield Street Railway Company, the Philipsburg Electric Light, Gas, Power & Heating Company, The New Steam Company, the Osceola Light, Heat & Power Company and six underlying light and power companies adjacent to Philipsburg.

Philipsburg looks upon the deal as foreshadowing renewed business activity in that section and is correspondingly elated.

IN BELLEFONTE

Every Claim Is Backed by Local Testimony

If the reader wants stronger proof than the following statement and experience of Bellefonte, what can it be?

William McClellan, 244 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up in good shape and consequently I think highly of them. I suffered for a long time from pain and lameness in my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to try them and procured a supply from Green's Pharmacy Co. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint is to take Doan's Kidney Pills. (Statement given October 21 1907.)

Re-Endorsement. Mr. McClellan was interviewed on November 23, 1909 and he said: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills once or twice during the past two years, while suffering from backache and they have given me prompt relief. You are welcome to publish my testimonial at any time you desire."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's—and take no other.

Ready For Banquet.

Formal invitations were this week [illegible] Philadelphia, which will be held at the Continental Hotel, in that city, on the evening of Monday, February 19. The commitee in charge desires to have the names of members present and their guests appear in their printed menu. Centre Countians who expect to attend are requested to promptly send their names to the secretary, Dr. J. C. C. Beale, 41 South Fifeenth Street, Philadelphia, or the treasurer, Dr. S. Gray Mattern, 1015 North Forty-fourth Street, that city. The subscription price for the banquet is two dollars per plate, as before. The Board of Directors extends a cordial invitation to all Centre Countians residing or visiting in or about Philadelphia attend. The officers of the association are Dr. Roland G. Curtin, president; Ira D. Garman, vice president, Dr. S. Gray Mattern, treasurer, and Dr. J. C. C. Beale secretary. The Board of Directors consists of Dr. John B. Becker, Harry C. Brew, W. W. Cox, Gen. B. F. Fisher, Thomas Foster, Rev. W. K. Foster, William S. Furst, Dr. Robert Harkinson, Herman Haupt, Max Liveright, Charles McCafferty, Forrest N. Magee, William A. Magee, L. Olin Meek, Prof. W. T. Meyer, E. H. Miller, John I. Rankin, Dr. George P. Rishel, George P. Runkle, Dr. Stuart C. Runkle, B. Frank Schaffer, W. B. Schaffer, A. Sternberg, Warner Underwood and Charles H. Wright. The Ladies' Committee consists of Mrs. Mary Magee, chairman; Miss Mary A. Butts, Mrs. Ella H. Cooke, Mrs. W. W. Cox, Mrs. Robert Harkinson, Mrs. S. Gray Mattern and Miss Eva Rich. Ira D. Garman is chairman of the banquet committee.

The Sound Sleep of Good Health.

Is not for those suffering from kidney ailments and irregularities. The prompt use of Foley kidney Pills will dispel backache and rheumatism, heal and strengthen sore, weak and ailing kidneys, restore normal action, and with it health and strength. Mrs. M. F. Spalsbury, Sterling, Ill., says: "I suffered great pain in my back and kidneys, could not sleep at night, and could not raise my hands over my head. But two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills cured me." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

A Warning Against Wet Feet.

Wet and chilled feet usually affect the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, and la grippe, bronchitis or pneumonia may result. Watch carefully, particularly the children, and for the racking stubborn coughs take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It soothes the inflamed membranes, and heals the cough quickly. Take no substitute. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Foly Kidney Pills will cure any of kidneyor bladder trouble not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Germs Spread in Skin

Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles are caused by myriads of germs at work in the skin. Unless these germs are promptly destroyed they rapidly multiply, gnawing their way deep into the sensitive tissue. This is what causes that awful itch, and what seemed a mere rash may grow worse and develop into a loathsome and torturing skin disease with its years of misery.

Don't take any chances! Destroy the germs at the beginning of the trouble with that soothing and cleansing wash, the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema. A 25c bottle will prove this to you.

We have had experience with many remedies for skin trouble but have never seen such remarkable cures as those from D. D. D. Prescription. Instant relief from the very first application.

We are so confident that D. D. D. will reach your case that it will cost you nothing if the very first full size bottle fails to make good every claim.

If you have skin trouble of any kind we certainly advise you to drop in and investigate the merits of D. D. D. anyway. We know that D. D. D. will help you.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

State's Baseball Schedule.

Penn State's baseball schedule for 1912 has been completed by Graduate Manager Ray Smith, and includes a majority of the large universities of the east and south.

Prospects for a strong team are just fairly promising. With the loss of Kelly, Klepfer, Workman, Haddon, Manion, Minick, Piollet and Bubb the blue and white will take the field with practically a new team.

Jack Eberlein, last year's brilliant first baseman, has been elected captain of this year's team. "Jack" is one of the most popular boys in college and should prove an inspiring leader by his wonderful work at the initial sack.

Carson, Craig, Blythe, Bien, Whitney, Murphy and Miller are the only men left from the varsity squad of last year. The schedule follows:

April 3 and 4, University of South Carolina, at Columbia, S. C.; 5 University of North Carolina, at Wast Raleigh, N. C.; 6, Staunton Military Academy, at Staunton, Va.; 8 and 9, Washington and Lee, at Lexington, Va.; 13, open home date; 17, University of South Carolina, at home; 20, open home date; 24, Princeton University at Princeton, N. J.; 27, Dickinson, at home; 30. University of Maryland, at home, May 4, Bucknell University, at Lewisburg; 8, Gettysburg at home; 11, Notre Dame, at home; 15, Cornell, at Ithaca; 16 University of Vermont, at Burlington, Vt.; 17, Holy Cross, at Worcester, Mass.; 18, United States Millitary Academy, at West point, N. Y. 25, Franklin and Marshall, at home; June 8, Bucknell, at home; 11. open home date.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Every, where, 25c. Sample Free. Address-Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Do Not Need Licenses.

The State Highway Department has been advised by the Attorney General's [illegible] department stores and similar establishments are not required to take out chauffeur's licenses if operating motor vehicles is a part of their duties.

An Epidemic of Coughing.

Is sweeping over the town. Old and young alike are affected, and the strain is particularly hard on little children and on elderly people. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a quick, safe and reliable cure for all coughs and colds. Contains no opiates. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Special Sales.

Used engines and fixtures; smoke stack; spark arrester; automatic mill and saws; shafting and bearings; iron pulleys; mandrels; heavy iron jack cylinder; drag saw and bolters; store counters and tables; shop soiled sash, doors and shutters; odd lots of lumber, flooring and moulding; three buggies; also first-class lumber and mill work of all kinds.

P. B. CRIDER & SON.
Office at Lamb Street Bridge,
Bellefonte, Penna.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Trouble, Teething Disorder, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulets act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

How He Won.

A rich old man was asked how he made his money. "Simplest thing in the world," he said. "I always did the reverse of what everybody else was doing. If everybody bought, I sold—prices were high. If everybody sold, I bought—prices were low."

Prepared For the Worst.

Husband—Goodby, my dear. A pleasant voyage. I have taken every precaution in case of accident. Wife—What do you mean? Husband—Insured your life in my favor.—Journal Amusant.

Her Dear Friend.

"I have declined marriage proposals from five men," said the fair widow.

"Have you?" her friend asked. "I didn't suppose your husband had been as heavily insured as that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Jiffy.

Tommy (who has been told to go to bed)—Pa, how long is "a jiffy?"

Father—It's just about the length of time you've got to go to bed without a licking.—Boston Transcript.

The Use of Wood Ashes.

An item which appeared in one of the fruit journals, stating that Prof. H. A. Surface advises the use of lye obtained by leaching hardwood ashes, has resulted in a number of letters being received at the State Zoologist's office in Harrisburg, requesting information as to how strong to make the lye.

The following reply to one of these letters is herewith given for general information:

"While it is true that I did recommend lye to kill the scale, yet this was in a special case, when the person asked if it could be used with successful results. I do not recommend any person to make a pracice of leaching ashes for the purpose of obtaining lye as a scale remedy, for the reason that it takes more time and is more expensive than the lime-sulfur solution.

"If you have wood ashes scatter the same around the trees to a distance of twice as far as the branches extend. Then boil the lime and sulfur together, and make your own lime-sulfur solution, and spray the trees thoroughly with this Your ashes will do more good as fertilizer than when leached for lye. On the other hand, if you should have lye of any kind you should apply it as a wash or spray and kill the scale, but it would take a long time, and a considerable amount of work, to get enough lye to depend upon it for many trees.

"With two or three ordinary iron kettles, or common galvanized iron wash tubs, you can make enough lime-sulfur solution during a few bad days of winter to keep you spraying all the rest of the winter, spring and summer. Boil one pound of stone lime and two pounds of ground or powdered sulfur in each gallon of water for one hour. Let it settle, and then put it in a vessel that can be closed, and store it as long as you want it. When ready to use dilute with six or seven times its bulk of water, or to the hydrometer test of 1.03."

LAMP—200 hours of light for 1 cent Makes and burns its own gas from kerosene oil, which is vaporized by a glass bulb burner. Scientific wonder of the world. Lamps used where people have electric lights. Makes it possible [illegible] every [illegible] Rush $1.50. Complete lamp will be sent, charges paid. We guarantee lamp as above stated or your money returned. Town county and state agents wanted. Lamp a whirlwind seller. Pat. U. S. A. foreign countries. NEW PROCESS MFG CO., 2 Lamp Room, Salina, Kas.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Francis W. Gross, et ux, to Charles P. Oesterbe, 48 acres in Half-moon township; $600.

Adam Mayer, et ux, to Philipsburg Electric Light, Gas, Power & Heat Co., lot in Philipsburg; $1200.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to Citizens Building & Loan Association, of Philipsburg, tract land in Rush township; $83.

John M. Keichline, trustee, to William G. Runkle, 2 acres in Spring township; $201.25.

Elizabeth Bilger to Ammon Kerstetter, et al, 2 acres in Spring township; $1.

William Watkins, et al, to George R. Meek, lot in Spring township; $60.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to John Spiela, 5 acres in Snow Shoe township; $100.

Jared Harper, et ux, to Willis E. Williams, lot in Bellefonte; $1000.

IF YOU ARE ILL

from any disorder of the STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEYS, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you should suffer from headaches, get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give SEVEN BARKS a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and brain, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.

For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

To The Ladies!

Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures,

CORSETS

and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

Prices $1.00 and Upward

Mrs. Bertha Rupp
426 East College Avenue,
STATE COLLEGE, - PENNA.

A Fortune For a Dance

Spirited Bidding For a Partner at a Charity Ball

By HENRIETTA DEERING

During the first half of the nineteenth century, when the patriarchal or plantation system existed in the southern states, there were three distinct classes—the planters, the poor whites and the negro slaves. It is questionable if the negro's condition was not preferable to that of the poor white.

Colonel Richard Runlet of Virginia was kind to his slaves, and both he and all his family were greatly interested in charity.

A neighboring planter, Oliver Desborough, having had bad luck for several years in succession with his tobacco crop, found himself in pecuniary difficulties. Colonel Runlet assisted him, and when Desborough was sold out under foreclosure of mortgage the colonel bought his plantation and his negroes, paying for them a higher price than he was compelled to pay. But when he discovered that there was a love affair between Desborough's only son, Lawrence, and his own daughter, Constance, he gave the young girl to understand that no union could take place between the two families on account of the Desboroughs' impoverished condition.

Constance was but seventeen and Lawrence twenty. She was too young to defy her father, and her lover had little on which to live, to say nothing of taking care of a wife. Besides, he was an ambitious young man and scorned the idea of remaining in a region where the wealth was inherited, not made, and where he must inevitably be always considered a "poor white." It nearly broke his and the girl's hearts to part, but part they did, he going north to carve out a career.

Lawrence Desborough disappeared from the south in the middle of the century. Out of the wreck of the family fortune his father gave him $1,000, saying: "My boy, you are young and strong and smart. Use this money to advantage, and some day when you have succeeded come back here and buy back the plantation and those negroes who may not have left it." Lawrence bade his parents goodby, and it was a long while before he saw his home again.

Colonel Runlet was one of the few planters who emerged from the war with their plantations intact, though a number of his slaves had drifted elsewhere. The majority, however, remained to work for him for what he could afford to give them. The old plantation life had passed away, and even the colonel, though better off than most of his neighbors, found it difficult to maintain himself. His former gifts to charity could not be continued, but the women of his family worked for the benefit of the poor in those ways to which their sex is peculiarly adapted, getting up fairs and amusements for the purpose of raising money. Constance, now twenty-seven years old and very attractive, was foremost in all such efforts and was worshiped not only by those whom she assisted, but by those who worked with her.

During the winter after the close of the war there was so much misery not only among the lower classes, but among many who lived in affluence, that Constance asked her father's permission to give a masked ball for charity. He consented at once, and every preparation was made to give eclat to the occasion. Since the work to be done was far beyond Constance's single powers she invited a number of her friends to become her assistants. The staff was divided into committees, one of which was to search for unique customs which might be introduced at the ball.

Among the recommendations made by this committee was one that one of the members had read of in a Spanish book. In Granada there was or had been a custom at balls given for the purpose of raising money wherein the privilege of the first dance with any lady was sold to the man who would pay the highest price for it. The committee arranged that those ladies who would permit the privilege of this dance with them to be sold should be auctioned off before the dancing began. About a dozen prominent young ladies consented, among them the hostess, Constance Runlet.

The costumes were of home manufacture, for there was no money with which to buy them. But such labor tends to make the object for which it is undertaken the more enjoyable. Antebellum wardrobes were ransacked, and every available bit of finery that had been stowed away in the south's halcyon period was brought out to be turned into dresses for queens, princesses and other historical characters for the women, and kings and noblemen for the men. When the influx of guests had ceased there was a flourish by the orchestra (improvised negro musicians), and the throng made its way to the dancing hall, where the auction for partners was to take place. Colonel Runlet's house was one of those colonial Virginia mansions in which a ballroom was indispensable. In this case the whole of the top story was devoted to it. At one end was a dais, on which stood the auctioneer. The ladies whose partnership for the opening dance was to be auctioned mingled with the crowd.

The committee had desired to make a first sale of the hand of Constance Runlet, but Constance would only consent that her turn should be the last instead of first. This was considered a mistake by the committee, for they believed that much of the money to be devoted to the purpose would have been spent, and since Constance was considered the prize of the evening if they began with her they thought they could excite a bidding that would draw forth a goodly sum.

Every young man of that region of the slightest means had been invited, and all were present. There were no northerners, for this was too near to the war to admit of fraternization with the enemy, but every southern man of respectability within fifty miles, rich or poor, had assembled, some of them suitors for one of the young ladies to be auctioned, not only for the dance but in marriage.

When the hand of Constance was put up some one started it at $50. A man dressed as Mephistopheles made a second bid of a hundred dollars. A third person offered a hundred and fifty. Mephistopheles astonished every one now by bidding $500. Here the bidding ceased for awhile, but the auctioneer did not make the sale. It had been arranged that a number of married men, in order to be ready to stimulate the bidding in Miss Runlet's case, should form a pool to be put in one man's hands to be used for this purpose. Presently a man in Louis XV. costume raised the last bid to $700. Mephistopheles made it a thousand.

Now a wealthy widower was in the pool, who had long wished to marry Constance, and the bidding of the fund had been placed in his hands. He doubled Mephistopheles' bid. The latter raised his a thousand, making the amount offered $3,000. Louis XV. and Mephistopheles from this point continued to bid against each other till finally the latter offered $10,000.

By this time the bidders interested everybody; but, being masked, no one knew who they were. Cries of "Unmask!" were raised, and finally, after consultation with others who had made up the pool, Louis XV. raised his mask. Mephistopheles remained concealed. This only tended to increase the excitement.

Louis XV. was recognized as General Bernard, who had distinguished himself on the Confederate side during the war. He was fifty years old, well off and considered a desirable partner for a woman over twenty-five years old. He had been spoken of in connection with Constance, and his appearing in this role was received with intense interest. Since Mephistopheles continued to bid the general did the same. Finally, when the amount offered reached $20,000, after a conference among the members of the pool Colonel Runlet approached Mephistopheles and asked him who he was.

"Incognito," replied the other.

"I must request you, sir, to give some evidence of your ability to make good your bid in case you are accorded the privilege for which you are contending."

Mephistopheles thrust his hand into a pocket of his doublet and took out a certified check for $100,000 on a bank in the nearest city. The colonel withdrew and reported what he had seen. Then the bidding continued.

General Bernard continued to raise his bid $1,000 at every offer, and Mephistopheles continued to go a thousand higher. Since the latter seemed determined to win at any cost the general kept raising him till Mephistopheles had bid $50,000. Then the general nodded to the auctioneer, signifying that he did not care to go any further in egging on his opponent. The amount he had gained for the poor was quite enough and had not cost him a cent.

Then a cry arose for Mephistopheles to unmask.

"Not without Miss Runlet's order," he said.

Constance advanced and requested him to make himself known.

He threw off his cape, then his doublet, revealing the uniform of a United States army officer, with the silver leaf of lieutenant colonel on his shoulders. Then, casting aside his mask, he stood revealed to all as a middle aged stranger whom no guest recognized. Constance gave a cry of joy, and he took her in his arms.

Lawrence Desborough had gone north and had become a northern man. The Colorado gold fever at that time occupied the attention of the nation, and, putting his money into what miners needed, he sailed around the Horn and sold his stock at an enormous profit. As a commission merchant he had accumulated capital which he invested in mining property. When the war broke out he volunteered in the Federal army. Before the surrender one of his mines had made him very rich. As soon as he learned of this he came to claim his former love.

His appearance in United States uniform produced a commotion. Many felt bitter toward him as a southerner who had fought against the south, but he had given $50,000 to the poor in and about his former home, and this tended to alleviate the prejudice against him.

The music struck up for the first dance, a quadrille, and Lawrence Desborough and Constance Runlet danced it together, he displaying on his shoulders the insignia of a Federal officer, the only such present.

In time he bought back the plantation of his ancestors and established in it his parents, who were now old persons. He married Colonel Runlet's daughter, but since he had become northernized he took her to the more active field to be found in the northern states.

A Startling Lecture.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has given us a whimsical description of Professor Campbell Fraser, the famous author and dramatist having been at one time one of the professor's pupils. "I see him rising in a daze from his chair," says Mr. Barrie, "and putting his hands through his hair. 'Do I exist,' he said thoughtfully, 'strictly so called?' The students looked a little startled. This was a matter that had not previously disturbed them. Still, if the professor was in doubt there must be something in it. He began to argue it out, and an uncomfortable silence held the room in awe. If he did not exist the chances were that they did not exist either. It was thus a personal question. It was no wonder that the students who do not go to the bottom during their first month of metaphysics begin to give themselves airs, strictly so called. In the privacy of their room at the top of the house they pinch themselves to see if they are still there."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wonders of a Book.

There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures upon spins or paper men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as Adam, have been made known to us. Even those invisible and abstract thoughts which have no shape or substance, but which inspired the writer and have since inspired others, are all put down in the little letters and made eternal. The songs of David, the speculations of Plato, the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries and distributed among mankind. If there were no books our knowledge would almost be confined to the limit of sight and hearing. All that we could not see or hear would be to us like the inhabitants of the planet Saturn—a mere matter of idle conjecture.—Barry Cornwall.

Mother at Prayer.

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees beside her chair and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger and in struggle. When death came at last and sealed those lips the sorest sense of loss I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me.

Court Fools.

Court jesters were either misshapen, half imbecile midgets, whose senseless remarks were welcomed with laughter; quick witted, half mad fellows or poor, merry poets who devoted themselves to the task for the income which it brought.

It was their business in medieval times to entertain kings and nobles with amusing sallies.

One of the early French jesters was Mathurine, a woman.

English jesters made use of calfskin coats, which buttoned down the back and protected them from the anger of those who were provoked at their satirical thrusts.

A fool's cap was adorned with three asses' ears and a cock's comb and worn on a shorn head. He had a wide collar, carried a scepter, and his costume and cap were decorated with bells.

Animals That Smoke.

The writer was extracting solace after the petty worries of the day from his well seasoned brier when it was suddenly revealed to him what sort of creature he really was in an extract he happened across from a work on "The Common Use of Tobacco:" "There are but three kinds of animals which generally use tobacco—the rock goat of Africa, whose stench is so insufferable that no other animal can approach it; the tobacco worm, whose intolerable visage gives to every beholder an involuntary shudder, and the third animal—which is he!"—London Chronicle.

Largest Crystal of Beryl.

It remained for a Turk, wandering far from his native land, to find the largest crystal of beryl (aquamarine) ever discovered, a long distance inland in Brazil. It was dug out at a shallow depth, transported by canoe to the coast and finally sold at Bahia, bringing the finder, it is said, $25,000. According to estimates, this crystal would furnish fully 2,000,000 carats of aquamarines of various sizes.—Argonaut.

Life's Three Questions.

The three great questions of life are "Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly?" The our education should help us to answer, and insomuch as it fails it will lack in reaching a proper physical moral standard.—Harper's Bazar.

Clam Shells.

Clam shells are susceptible of a polish and are used for many ornamental purposes. Chinese carve them into snuffboxes, tops of walking sticks, bracelets and similar articles.

Natural Suggestion.

Harduppe—I don't know how to express my love for Miss Gotrox. Swag—I should think you would send it C. O. D.—Philadelphia Record.

His System of Self Defense.

"Have you ever studied the art of self defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: "Solomon's! What is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

For the moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough, and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with silent emphasis, "Try it."—Christian Endeavor World.

The "Green Flash" at Sunset.

A correspondent writes that during the course of a voyage when midway between Marseilles and the strait of Bonifacio a "green flash" was seen at sunset. The sky was perfectly clear after a cloudless day, with little wind. As the sun approached the horizon the line 'twixt sea and sky for about forty-five degrees each side of the sun became suffused with a rich dull rose pink, and the waves reflected a marvelous ruby shade on their surfaces facing the sunset, while the other faces were an opalescent blue or green from the upper sky. The two colors flashed and changed in a marvelous way. Such intensity of coloring had never been seen by those on board. The sun set clean into the sea, and about ten (or less) seconds after it had disappeared a bright green single flash, just like a railway signal lamp, but brighter far, met our view and rewarded our watching for it.—Symons' Meteorological Magazine.

A Good Creed.

To be able to look every man squarely in the eyes; to make friends and hold them; to keep clean of mind and body; to smile at ill fortune; to laugh at my mistakes; to frown when temptation comes avisiting; to be ready with a word of cheer when that word will help; to strive to develop to the utmost the heart, head and hand qualities endowed by the Ruler over all; to hold all women in respect and to love one; to weave the thread of eternal optimism into the lives of all with whom I may come in contact; to worship nature and the Great Spirit that conceived it all—in a word, to play the game of life with a steady hand and a qualmless conscience and a real desire to be of service—that is my religion. And, say, if I can live up to that, don't you think I've corralled about all that is necessary?—Backbone Monthly.

A Stream of Water.

A high pressure jet of water will bowl over a man as easily as a box of matches and leave him half stunned. It will even turn a bullet from its path. Experiments have shown that a jet of water can be produced at such a high pressure that it becomes practically a bar of iron. Swords have been blunted in attempting to cut through these extra high pressure jets. Some years ago an armed thief attempted to hold up a high official of the Bank of England in his private office. The official managed to get out of the room unharmed and locked the door. A resourceful attendant brought the fire hose. He opened the door sufficiently to insert the nozzle. In a few minutes the would be thief was picked up senseless.—Pearson's Weekly.

Diana of Philadelphia.

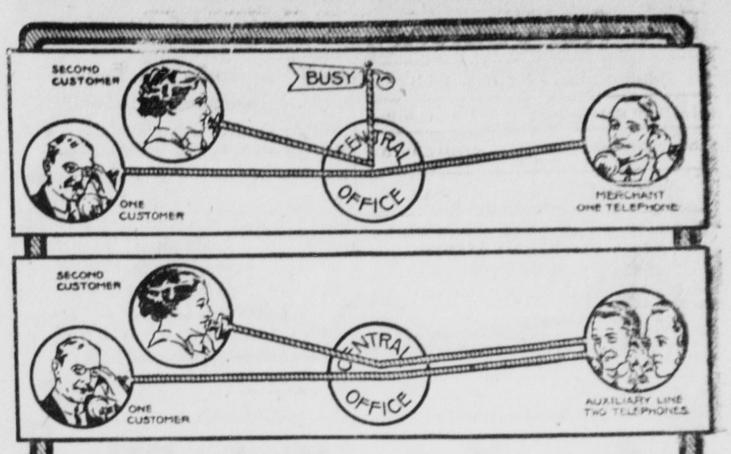
At the mint in Philadelphia are a number of coins far more precious than any which find their way into circulation. They are a collection of curios, and many of them date from times of great antiquity. Perhaps the most interesting among them is a handsome coin bearing on its face the profile of a woman which has a striking resemblance to the goddess of Liberty of our own currency. Underneath is the single word "Demos," which is the Greek for people. On the reverse of the coin is a beautiful figure of the goddess Diana arching her bow, and the inscription translated into English reads, "Diana Friend of the Philadelphians."

The coin was minted more than 2,000 years ago at the city of Philadelphia, in Asia Minor, where there grew up in later years one of the seven churches of which St. John writes. The prize was discovered some years ago in Europe by a citizen of our own Philadelphia, himself an authority on coins. By him it was appropriately presented to the mint in Philadelphia.—New York Press.

A Thrifty Spouse.

A man whose illness threatened to develop into typhoid was taken to the hospital. Instead of growing worse he improved, and at the end of the fourth day, when his wife visited him, he asked to be taken home.

"But you have paid for a week," replied his thrifty spouse. "They won't refund the money. You had better stay your week out."—New York Herald.



Which Plan is Yours?

With one business telephone line, there *must* be times when customers try to reach you and find the line "busy." Some won't complain to you; they'll switch over to your competitor.

Is your telephone door wide enough? An auxiliary line and telephone relieves over-worked single telephones. Costs but a little more. Call the Business Office.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNA.
W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager.

TO BUYERS:

"Thomas Register of American Manufacturers" gives the name and address of every important manufacturer in the United States.

If you want to buy any article and do not know where to get it this book will tell you.

We have a copy and shall be glad to have you use it.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, - - - - - Penna.

It is Not What You Spend

Nor what you earn, but what you save that counts. You may work hard, earn much, but if you spend all you are not advancing in worldly welfare.

By putting aside every week a part of your earnings, and entrusting it to the BELLEFONTE TRUST COMPANY for safe keeping, it will accumulate and work for you, as we pay interest on all deposits.

Bellefonte Trust Company.

WE want county representatives to take exclusive sale of the greatest disinfectant ever known; secure a county and a business that pays handsomely. Radium Spray Co., Curry Bldg., Pittsburg.

DR. WILLIAMS, Chiropodist
Let him cure your Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails.
Don't suffer any more, because he will cure you, at 243 3rd. Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-chester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.
For sale at C M Parrish, druggist.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 8, 1912.

CHARLES E. DORWORTH - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

Bellefonte and Congressman Patton are to be congratulated upon the appointment of Mr. Valentine as postmaster to succeed the late Captain Williams A better or more popular selection could not have been made. First and foremost it means that the administration of the Bellefonte postoffice is to be placed in the hands of not only a popular but an exceptionally well qualified official.

Mr. Valentine's name was first proposed by Republicans, in recognition of his worth as a citizen, his experience as a business man and his many years of faithful, loyal service as a Republican. Many Republicans regarded it a privilege to join in asking his appointment, for he had won their friendship and admiration by his unflinching loyalty to the party. Patton township is just as proud of it as we in Bellefonte are, for up there his sterling worth is recognized and appreciated, just as it is here. For years Mr. Valentine has been superintendent of the mines at Scotia and the "boys" there share with his friends here the honors that have come to him at a time when he can enjoy them most. It is seldom that any man is accorded such universal support as that tendered Mr. Valentine. It is a flattering tribute to him and one of which he may justly be proud. That he, by his management of the postoffice, will merit this expression of confidence we have not the slightes shadow of doubt.

When the Democrats were in the minority in the House at Washington they fairly shrieked in denouncing the enforcement of the rules by Republicans to expedite legislation. Now that they are in control the Democrats are going the limit in invoking the House rules whenever a bill is to be jammed through. Not so long ago we used to hear the cry of "Cannonism." Nowadays we hear the cry of "Underwoodism." Mr. Underwood is the Democratic floor leader and, as such, is rapidly coming to the front as an expert in employing gag rule to choke off debate.

If the management of the Opera House expects ladies to patronize entertainments given there, the services of a policeman should be secured to clear the entrance of the gang of loafers who make it a practice to congregate in the hall-way on the occasion of each performance.

The bosses of the rival Democratic factions in Pennsylvania have declared for Wilson for President. Neither faction apparently cares for a test of strength with the other. Hence the unanimity for the Jersey Governor.

"Bob" Foster, of State College, is out for the Democratic nomination for the Legislature. Robert, are you with the organization or the reorganizers?—or both?

One of the Valentines to be dropped into the Bellefonte postoffice this year is certainly a dandy.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Charles Clarence Rhoads, Erma V. Brown,	Bellefonte "
William M. Houtz, Edna C. Stephens.	Harrisburg State College
C. Thomas Martin, Emma May Haskins,	Williamsport Philipsburg

NIAGARA'S TRAGEDY

Ice Bridge Breaks and Three Persons Are Swept to Death.

Many Centre Countians have visited Niagara Falls in the winter season and been thrilled by the beauty and splendor of the natural ice bridge, the solid mass of ice which stretches from shore to shore and holds firmly in place for weeks and weeks. On Sunday, last, the great ice bridge formed this year broke from its moorings and three persons who happened to be on it at the time were swept to their death. Their bodies had not been recovered up to yesterday and it is supposed have been ground to shreds in the whirlpool, which at this time of the year is filled with a grinding, whirling jam of broken ice.

The story of the breaking of the ice bridge, the frantic efforts of the three unfortunate persons to escape, the heroic work of those on shore to rescue the victims and finally the plunge to death forms one of the most thrilling and pathetic despatches ever telegraphed to a newspaper. We reprint it because so many persons from this section who have been to Niagara Falls will be able to follow the details with a personal knowledge and understanding of how the tragedy was enacted.

The three persons drowned were Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton, of Toronto, Canada, and Burrell Heacock, aged 17 years, of Cleveland, Ohio. On the bridge at the time it tore free from the shore besides these three were Monroe Gilbert, of Niagara Falls; Ignatius Roth, of Cleveland, Heacock's companions; William Hill, an old riverman; William Lablond, riverman, and an unidentified Italian. Hill's shack was nearest to the American shore. When he heard the grinding and crashing of the ice, he ran at top speed towards the Canadian shore, calling to the others to follow him. Lablond gave them warning that safety lay in that direction. Gilbert and the Italian followed their lead, but the others became confused. By the time they had regained their composure the bridge was moving fast down the river.

The man and woman started first towards the American shore, but they were stopped by a lane of water. Back they ran again to the Canadian side, turned about and made for the American side. When hardly more than 50 yards from the rocky shore, the woman fell on her face, utterly spent.

"I can't go on; I can't go on," she cried. "Let us die here."

And all the time the great field of ice, driven onward by a southwest gale and pressed by a jam broken free from its anchorage near the base of the horseshoe fall, went on breasting the terrible outrush of the Niagara Falls Power company's tunnel outflow, the mightiest current in all the river, without being broken. As the woman fell, the man strove to get her to her feet again, and tried to drag her along the ice, calling for assistance to Roth and Heacock, who were nearest. Heacock turned back to the couple and helped support the woman. The act cost him his life.

Roth struggled along over the hummocks of ice, getting close to the open stretch of water at the Canadian end of the jam. There were men on the shore ready to give him assistance, Lablond, Hill, William Cook and Superintendent Harry King, of the Ontario Power Company. They were stationed at the bottom of the cliff just at the foot of Eastwood street, Niagara Falls, Ont. Roth was afraid to trust himself in the icy waters. Lablond jumped out to to the field of ice with a rope, and half carried, half dragged the boy ashore.

Word that the ice bridge had gone out flashed through the city like wild-fire and within a short time the American shore of the river was lined by thousands of people who witnessed the tragedy being enacted in the deep ravine below them.

After getting Roth safely ashore the man made an effort to reach the other three on the ice floe. But at a point about 600 feet below the upper steel arch bridge, the ice field broke into two great fields. One section went towards the American shore and anchored on a great rock near the hydraulic power house. The moving floe with the three hopeless beings passed slowly down the river.

Meantime the fire headquarters truck had been called out, and a general alarm of fire on the Canadian side called out the men there. They took station with ropes along the shore, but the floe was far beyond their reach. The Niagara avenue firemen were sent to the lower steel arch bridge, and there took station with a rope.

The Canadian firemen had two ropes down from the cantilever bridge, which is about 300 yards above the other structure.

Just about the old Maid of the Mist landing, a quarter of a mile from the whirlpool rapids, the floe on which the three were borne, broke into two sections, each about 200 feet square, the man and woman on one, Heacock on the other. Heacook waved his hands to his companions in distress as his floe moved clear of the other, and, caught in a current, raced down the river. The other floe then shot towards the American shore, and was caught in an eddy and whirled there for about five minutes. This was within sight of the tumbling waters that marked the beginning of the rapids—and death.

Heacock saw the ropes dangling from the bridge and made ready to catch one. Very coolly he took off his overcoat and posed himself on the tossing floe. In his course there dangled one rope, and a second was moved towards him. He caught that held by Officer Pat Kelly, of the Ontario police force, and a company of about 20 railroad men, caught it and jumped free of the ice.

The sag of the rope at that great drop, 200 feet, let him into the chilly water up to his waist. And before he was clear of it he was frightfully battered by three successive floes of jutting ice.

Not content with the efforts of the men above to draw him up, he tried to assist himself hand over hand. The time was 1.10 o'clock, and the hour or more that the boy had been on the ice and the effects of the icy ducking had sapped his strength. He stopped trying to pull himself up and hung limp on the rope, which spun around him like a top.

Kelly and his men pulled steadily. Ten feet, twenty feet, twenty-five, thirty feet, up he came. The great crowd on the bridge cheered—those that were not weeping. Grimly the boy hung on, trying always to get himself or his leg wound about the rope. Then his hands began to slip. He sought to get hold of the rope with his teeth, but could not.

Finally just as he was about sixty feet clear of the water, his head fell back. He was utterly spent. He lost his grip and plunged far down into the stream. When he came up his face turned towards the great wave, and he feebly moved his arms in the breast stroke. But the mighty rush of water was too much for him. He was caught like a cork and was sent racing on into the midst of the seething waters. For perhaps a half minute he was in view, and then he disappeared in the spume.

Heacock's failure was witnessed by the man on the other floe. The woman apparently dared not look. The man appeared calm, as he in turn prepared to make a play against death, when caught by a down river current, the floe moved into the course Heacock had gone.

As the couple swung under the cantilever bridge, the man grasped a rope, and tried to put it around the woman's waist. The force of the current was too much for the rope. It parted and the man waved the torn end toward the crowd.

There was still another chance—the rope that was dropped from the lower steel arch bridge by the Niagara avenue firemen. As the floe went into swift drift the man canght it, and grimly hung on. He was given slack and he tried to wind the rope about the woman's waist. He fumbled in his agony of effort as if his hands were numb. The rush of the ice in the stream was overpowering. When he could not tie the rope about the woman, he let it go.

There apparently was no thought of himself. He raised the woman to her feet, kissed her, and clasped her in his arms. The woman made as to cross herself, then sank to her knees. The man knelt beside her, his arms clasped close about her.

So they went to their death. The ice held intact until it struck the great wave. There it was shivered; there the gallant man and woman at his side disappeared from view.

Mrs. Lloyd Eckenroth Dead.

A home was plunged into sorrow and an infant child, just one week old, was made motherless when death on Thursday night of last week severed the slender cord by which Mrs. Lloyd Eckenroth had been clinging to life for a day or two previously. She tried so hard to live and made such a brave fight that those who surrounded her bedside clung to hope until the very last, but it proved to be that her mission on earth had been fulfilled and shortly before 11 o'clock that night she quietly and peacefully breathed her last, leaving behind a heart-broken husband and the little child for which she gave up her life. Just one week before that the Eckenroth home had been blessed with the first-born and the parents were filled with joy and thanksgiving. Mrs. Eckenroth apparently had survived the trying ordeal all right and seemed to be recovering nicely until on Wednesday she suffered a sinking spell. Despite all that loving care could do, she rapidly became weaker and at the hour noted she passed away. A splendid woman, one endowed with many noble qualities, a devout Christian who tried as best she knew how to help those about her, she was surrounded by a large circle of loving, admiring friends and to all her sad and untimely death was a profound shock. Funeral services were held on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, from the Methodist church, at Pleasant Gap, of which she was an active member. Interment was made in the Lutheran cemetery. Mrs. Eckenroth was aged 36 years and 1 day, before her marriage was Levina Myrtle Hile, a daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Hile, and making the affair all the more sad is the fact that the latter is lying at the point of death. Four brothers and one sister survive: William Hile, of Bellwood; Lawrence, of Red Bank; Henry and J. Otis, of Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. Sadie Hile, of Bellefonte.

50c for 25c next Saturday at Green's.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

BATTLE WITH THUGS

(continued from page 1)

keep the thug I had hold of between the other one and me. Suddenly I let go with both hands, drove my left fist into the pit of his stomach, which loosened his hold on me and then with all the might that was within me, directed a swinging blow at my adversary's face, which landed full on the point of his chin. He dropped as if he had been shot. I instantly started to turn to pay a similar compliment to the other one, when, alas!—well, I still have that "compliment" on ice, so that it may keep for him, as I certainly did not get a chance to hand it to him at that time, for I had not more than partially turned when I received a blow on the back of the head from a club, lead pipe or some similar weapon, which instantaneously sent me into "innocuous desuetude." I don't know how long I remained unconscious, but when I began to regain my senses, it seemed to me as though I were having a horrible nightmare. The haze began to clear a little and I found myself on my hands and knees. I struggled to my feet, staggered, fell down, got up again, and reeling into the middle of the street, I again fell and again lost consciousness. The next I remember, I was in a sitting posture, where I had last fallen. In a few minutes more I had again regained my feet, but was unable to maintain my equilibrium and struggled over to the sidewalk, where I leaned against the wall of the arch. When I became a little clearer, and sat down, I realized for the first time that I was bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth, and that my face, hands and clothing were literally covered with blood. All the pockets in my clothing, save one, were turned inside out and rifled. My vest, once white, now red, had been torn open and my watch was dangling at the end of the chain. It had just began to dawn on me what had happened, and realizing that I was badly hurt, I made my way as best I could to a nearby house and rang the door-bell. I rang again and again, and then again. Hearing signs of life inside I stepped into the vestibule, the door of which was partially ajar. Presently the electric light in the hallway was turned on, and there peered through the large glass in the door, a half-dressed, big, burly, idiotic, frog-faced looking brute, who demanded in the same tone as that in which one would naturally speak to a cur a hundred yards away, "Well, what do you want?" I replied: "I am hurt and wish, if you have a telephone, you would kindly order a conveyance for me or help me to get home." In response to this request, the poor, miserable, contemptible ignoramus on the inside bellowed back: "Aw, g'wan, we ain't got no time to help ye, go down street and git a police." I presume I did not present a particularly, attractive spectacle, at the same time it did not seem to me that my appearance was so strikingly disreputable as to appall a real man. But can you imagine this same poor, puny pusillanimous person asking my brother-in-law, two week ago, how I was getting along, and added, by way of brilliant comment, I presume, "He pretty nigh got his'n that time, didn't he, eh, ?" Herbert, I am told, gave him one contemptuous look and then proceeded to say various and sundry things to him which out of respect for the postal laws, and lest the point with which I am writing, melt, I shall not here indite.

I then made my way to another residence, the occupants of which proved to be intelligent, kindly and hospitable people who, like the good Samaritan, took me in the house, washed the blood from my face and hands and then assisted me in getting to sister's home.

I was put to bed and a physician called. I remember little of what transpired during the week that followed, as I was delerious and unconscious alternately for a number of days. Then there came moments when I was lucid. At such times I found my head encased in ice cold water bottles—not the kind of "cold bottles" I like on my back, an electric battery, in action, and my feet surrounded by hot water bottles. And I somtimes wondered—when I was not wholly responsible for what I wondered—if there were not three rival undertakers at work on me with as many different processes, freezing, embalming, cremating, and if, at some time and somewhere, I was to be transformed into three equal portions, frozen puddin', embalmed beef and ashes of roses.

But I certainly suffered intensely for more than two weeks. Then they told me I was getting better, yet I still suffered and it was conscious suffering, physically and mentally, mental anguish lest I become a paralytic. I tried to be patient, yet it often seemed to me that I surely was being taught to fully realize the true significance of Longfellow's words:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Then I tried to console myself with the other and more cheerful couplet:

"Be still sad heart and cease repining
Behind the clouds is the sun
still shining."

And then I wondered if indeed the dark clouds of adversity which seemed to so persistently hover over and around me, would ever break, and if by and by, I should discern through the rift, the sunshine of returning health, hope, happiness and prosperity.

More than a month has elapsed since I was hurt and I seem now to be on the way to complete recovery. I realize that I owe much, infinitely more than I can ever repay, to the long nightly vigils, the solicitude and tender care of my faithful sister, as well as to the deft skillfulness of the nurse and of the attending physicians.

In closing, I am not unmindful of the fact, as well as truly thankful, that an all-wise, all-powerful and omnipotent God, in His infinite goodness has seen fit to spare your life beyond that of most men, and that in a few days you will have reached your seventy-sixth birthday. I trust that it may be a happy one, that there may be many more to follow, and I extend to you my heartiest congratulations. With kindest regards and best wishes for lots of good things that the New Year may bring to you, I am,

Your affectionate son,

TOM.

ROYAL
BAKING-POWDER
Absolutely Pure

MAKES HOME BAKING EASY

Light Biscuit
Delicious Cake
Dainty Pastries
Fine Puddings
Flaky Crusts

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Correspondence.

Blanchard.

After being closed two weeks, owing to the illness of W. Scott Holter, the teacher, the Hunter Run school was reopened last Thursday. Miss Margaret Heverly, of Blanchard, will be in charge until Mr. Holter is able to resume teaching.

Quite a few "flittings" are scheduled for April 1st. Harry E. Cox will remove from here to Beech creek. Their home, which is owned by C. A. Williams, will be occupied by Shuman Williams, principal of the Blanchard High School, and his sons.

Ice 13 to 16 inches thick, covers the Bald Eagle Creek. At Beech Creek the dam is frozen over, the first time in many years. In one part of the dam the current is very strong, which has prevented freezing, but the cold weather this winter closed everything from bank to bank.

Weather prophets are due to sit down and figure out the meaning of the presence of a flock of robins in the orchard on the David Bechdel farm, between here and Howard, one day last week. The robins were as lively as if Spring were near at hand. Query: Did the robins "get in wrong," or are the warm, sunshiney days not so far off, after all?

Miss May Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, and teacher of the grammar school at Howard, met with a painful accident while on her way to school last Thursday. She fell on the icy sidewalk and sustained a badly sprained back. It was found necessary to convey her in a sleigh to her boarding house and it was a day or two before she could be brought to her home near here. She is a popular young lady and a host of friends sympathize with her in her misfortune and sincerely trust that she will soon be about again.

Scotia.

Ed. Markley has located a new job with Wilson H. Ghaner burning lime.

Mrs. A. E. Price and son, of Bald Eagle, spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Copenhaver.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Saxion, of Spring Mills, recently made a short call on the latter's sister, Mrs P. E. Hicks.

If you want to know how cold it was on Sunday morning don't ask Paul, for he wasn't up until 2 in the afternoon.

Mrs. Mabel Estrick and five children, from Snow Shoe Intersection, are paying a visit to Mrs. E's sister, Mrs. William Bottorff.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Murtorff were up from Bellefonte on Sunday, calling on Harry's parents. Always glad to see you, Harry.

Mrs. P. E. Hicks and daughter, Ada, enjoyed a few days in Altoona last week, doing some shopping and looking up old acquaintances.

If you want to know what made it so dark on Monday afternoon ask Dan Daywalt. He got a job cutting stove wood for Huyett and McNitt.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Williams, who moved to Ore Hill last fall, came back last Friday to call on relatives and friends. They like their new home very much.

E. T. Kellerman was in Bellefonte on Saturday, looking after business. While there he bought a new cookstove, so if you want some nicely baked pies and cakes call on E. T.

G. C. Lykens and wife drove up from Bellefonte on Saturday evening to see the former's mother, brother and sister. They were unable to return on Sunday on account of the snow drifts, remaining here until Monday afternoon.

Fiedler.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stover spent a few days recently with friends in Union County.

William F. Zeigler has sold his farm to James Wert, of Aaronsburg. Consideration $8800.

Miss Lida Winkelbleck, one of our efficient school teachers, spent Sunday very pleasantly with friends in Millheim.

Among our sick are Mrs. Michael Stover, William Musser, David Bowersox, Charles H. Wolfe, and John Bower.

We are having very cold weather. The main road is mostly bare, and the by-roads drifted, which makes traveling dificult.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wetzel, of Scotland, S. D., arrived here on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Wetzel.

William Musser and family, of Coburn, spent Sunday with his father, William Musser, of this place, whose condition is reported rather critical, resulting from a fall on the ice one day last week.

James Immel had the misfortune to lose one of his best horses, in an unusual manner. The horse had been kicked and as Mr. Immel went into the stall the horse threw himself, breaking his neck. It is great loss to him.

Political Announcements.

Congress.

"The Republican" is authorized to announce the candidacy of Charles E. Patton, of Curwensville, Clearfield County, for the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the approval of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, 1912.

"The Republican" is authorized to announce the name of W. T. DeHaas, of Clearfield county, for representative in congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district subject to the action of the Republican voters at the April primaries.

Charter Notice.

Notices hereby given an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday, the 16th day of February A. D. 1912, by Luther M. Patterson, William Keiner and Fred Kreamer, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, 1874, and supplements there to for the charter of an intended corporation to be called LOGAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, the character and objectof which is to supply Light, Heat & Power, or any of them, by means of electricity to the public in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to such persons partnerships and corporations residing therein or adjacent thereto as may desire the same, and for these purposes to possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

H. T. HALL,
1-25-4t Solicitor.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of the "Centre Brick Company" of Howard, Pennsylvania, that they are requested and directed to meet in the office of the Hotel Howard, at Howard, Pennsylvania, on the 23rd day of February, 1912 at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of voting upon a resolution to dissolve the said "Centre Brick Company." Where they can be represented by person or by proxy. All are requested to be present.

W. L. COOKE, President.
W. H. LONG, Secretary.
2-1-3t.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Steam heated office in Exchange Building. F. W. CRIDER.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Three story frame house on Curtin Street. Eleven rooms and bathroom. Address or inquire of Miss A. L. Orbison. 2-1-12.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. STETSON OIL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—High class man to sell trees, shrubs, roses, vines, berry bushes, bulbs, etc. Good wages. Permanent. Exclusive territory. BROWN BROTHERS COMPANY, Rochester N. Y.

AGENTS—We must get in touch with the one best agent in town. Inside information by mail. Subject (guaranteed) Dust Absorbent Products. Valentine Mfg. Co., Allston Station, Boston, Mass.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE FOR SALE—I am a breeder of Holstein Friesian Cattle. Head of herd is Thornwood Vale Posch Pietertje, No. 52125, H. F. H. B. Also young bulls for sale, 2 to 6 months old. ROBERT D. MUSSER, R. F. D. 1, Spring Mills, Pa.

SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED—Sewing machines of all makes, can be repaired by G. S. Clements. You will find his shop on West Bishop Street, opposite Mrs. Aiken's Store. Don't trade away your old sewing machine when that can be made to sew as good as when new. Don't let those agents cheat you out of your old machines. Bring them to me and if I don't make them do as good work as when new, it won't cost you a cent. I keep on hand shuttles for all machines, alsoneedles.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Weirick, of Lock Haven, visited here one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lucas visited relatives at the County Seat one day last week.

Eugen Nelvan, of Sedalia, Mo., spent part of last week with his uncle, S. C. Bower.

Capt. H. C. Holter attended the funeral of Mrs. David Hall at Unionville last Wednesday.

Miss Ada Bowes, who had been visiting in State College for the past few weeks, has returned to her home.

Miss Alice Pletcher, who has been employed in the millinery trade at Enoree, S. C., since last fall, has returned to her home.

Chief of Police Dukeman, of Bellefonte, was in this vicinity on Tuesday afternoon looking after some things that were taken on hand by the S. P. C. A.

Saddler Thomas Pletcher has employed an assistant in the person of J. O. Kline, of Johnsonburg. Mr. Kline is a skilled mechanic in the line and was at one time a resident in this county

Miss Mary Johnston, who is the Grammar school teacher in this borough, while on her way to school last Thursday morning fell on the icy pavement and severely hurt her back. She was taken to her boarding place, but after a quiet rest she was able to resume her school duties the next day.

What might have been a bad accident occurred last Thursday when John Haagan was crossing the railroad. Just as he got on the main track his team stalled with the bob-sled and at the same time there was coming a west-bound through-freight at full speed. A lot of school children were on the sled and when they saw the train coming they quickly got off, and the wachman, who was just coming out of his little house, flagged the train but with more effort the team pulled the sled off the tracks.

A jolly sled load from Unionville stopped at the home of George Bulkley last Friday evening and were there joined with some of the Howard young people. The evening was spent in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. Games of various sorts were played until a late hour when a light repast was served to all. Those present from this place were: Rebecca Lucas, Eva Neff, Hilda Wagner, Carrie Holter, Estella Bulkley, Homer Yearick, Walter Holter, Doyle Yearick, Russel Wagner, Paul Wagner, Lloyd Daughenbaugh, John Williams, and George Long.

The Howard borough council met in regular session on Monday evening, A. A. Schenck was absent and Jackson Kline was elected Pres. protempore. Members present were: Jackson Kline, W. N. Neff, C. E. Pletcher, H. T. McDowell, C. M. Fox.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Street committee reported that a citizen refused to pay water rent. An attorney had been consulted in regard to delinquent water tax payers. Also that the hydrant at the school house was in bad condition and the water run onto the pavement.

Nuisance committee no report.

The ordinance in regard to the Scootac Light, Heat & Power Company held over until next meeting.

Bills to the amount of $15.30 were ordered paid.

Mt. Eagle.

Brady McCathen, of Snow Shoe, spent Sunday at the Irvin Robinson home here.

Merrill Thomas, instructor at State College, spent Sunday here with E. H. Leathers.

Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh and daughter, Julia, were Howard visitors on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Aikey, of Bellwood, came down on Saturday night and spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Ammon Gramley and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Oliger, of Coleville, had Sunday dinner with the J. F. Deitz family.

Frank Deitz on Friday took a load of Mr. Tobias' goods down to Woolrich, where the latter expects to move on April 1st.

Last week Al. Robinson, who lives on the George Leathers farm, went to Northumberland and got six head of mules, which will be used on the farm to take the place of horses burned in the recent fire.

A jolly sled load from here went to Bellefonte a few nights ago and enjoyed themselves at the Scenic. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Bartruff, Mr. and Mrs. Justice Leathers, Mrs. Etta Leathers, George Hirman and Miss Ella Leathers.

Mrs. Mable Orchard, of Altoona, who had been in Philadelphia to see her son, who is attending Girard college, stopped over here enroute home and spent a day with her brother, T. G Leathers. Mrs. Lutz and daughter, who have been living at the Leathers home, were visitors to Bellefonte on Saturday. Mrs. Lutz and Mrs. Leathers are sisters.

Lemont.

Miss Ethel Evey made a business trip to the County Capitol on Tuesday.

E. R. Raymer, of Bedford, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Schreck Brothers, accompanied by their father, spent Monday and Tuesday at Mifflinburg and Watsontown.

Rev. J. C. Moses, of Laughlintown, Westmoreland County, was assisting Rev. G. E. Smith in his revival meetings at Houserville last week.

Pine Grove Mills.

Aunt Mary Hess is able to be about again but is still quite feeble.

Claude Whitmer and Clayton Krebs are in the clutches of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Glenn spent Saturday with friends at State College.

George W. Miller loaded several cars with 95-cent wheat in the early part of the week.

Squire J. H. Miller is having his timber converted into saw-stuff. John Carper has the job.

The mercury has been gliding about the zero mark and the snow on Sunday has revived the sleighing.

Howard Wright, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with his mother, on Main Street. She is ill from heart trouble.

W. K. Corl went to Milesburg on Monday to consult a visiting specialist in regard to some internal trouble.

Mrs. J. H. Williams has been under the doctor's care the past week, but is somewhat improved at this time.

That famous bird, the Stork, visited the George Mothersbaugh home last week, leaving behind a 12-pound boy.

John Lightner, an old Civil war veteran, is ill and threatened with pneumonia at his home near Charter Oak.

We have several mid-winter weddings on the slate, so boys keep an eye on Register Smith's column in "The Republican."

Mrs. J. I. Markel, who has been ill all winter, is able to sit up but is not as much improved as her many friends could wish for.

The senior class served meals in the town hall last Saturday, with a festival in the evening, so that the treasury is richer to the extent of about $60.

Wils. Cummings, the veteran drover of Stone Valley, was hustling about among the grangers last week and bought a bunch of cows and fat cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walker gave a social for the younger set last Thursday evening at their home on Water Street. Miss. Zelda Rupert, of Altoona, was the guest of honor.

N. C. Neidigh sledded a party to the Charles Lytle home on Buffalo Run last Thursday evening. They took their provision with them and had a midnight feast.

Jacob Harpster and family visited the George Homan home over Sunday and were storm-stayed, only venturing out on Monday afternoon to return to their home at Tadpole.

The woodchuck is on his job and the predictions are coming his way—cold and snow, real Cook-Peary weather. Roads are piled up high with drifts and travel is through fields at many points.

E. C. Musser spent Sunday at the Lock Haven hospital where his daughter-in-law Mrs. Paul Musser, is under treatment. She will be able to return home shortly and will take treatment from her home doctor.

Liveryman Evey, of State College, with his four-in-hand tallyho, last Thursday evening brought a jolly lot of sledders from that place to the Frank Swabb home. They almost ate us [illegible] of house and home and all had a royal, good time to boot.

The graduating exercises of our High School will be held in the town hall on Friday evening, February 16. A good program is billed and the exercises will be interspersed with good music. Following the exercises the annual banquet will be held.

After the festival last Saturday evening some oysters were left over and on a wager Nathanl Dale got away with a half-gallon in 20 minutes and apparently was none the worse for it. He has often downed twenty saucers of ice cream at a feed. Next?

The district teachers' institute was held here last Saturday in the town hall and was a success socially and educationally Professors Mairs, Heberling and Bottenhorn, of State College, took an active part. Miss Leona Burwell, Miss Margaret Goheen, Miss Florence Kepler and Miss Nannie Heberling gave very fine recitations. Mrs. Ann Fry was organist. The program was interspersed with dance music.

Unionville.

Seth Pratt was a visitor to our town last Tuesday.

The Free Methodists closed their protracted meeting on Sunday night.

Boyd Stere, of Tyrone, dropped off to see his grandmother on Wednesday.

John P Brugger, of Johnstown, spent Sunday with his mother at this place.

The ground hog saw his shadow and we have had zero weather ever since.

E. Stere, of Snow Shoe Intersection, attended the funeral of Mrs. David Hall on Wednesday.

Miss Mary Turner, of Philipsburg, spent Sunday with her mother and father at this place.

William, Durbin and Chesney Morrison spent Sunday with their father, G. W. Morrison, at this place.

We are glad to note that Joseph T. Barton is still improving. His pleasant smile is welcomed by every one.

A brand new boy came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Hall on Thursday morning. All are doing nicely.

Harvey Hoover and daughter, Martha, after a two week's visit to friends in DuBois and Altoona, returned home on Thursday.

The prop and tie business is booming at this place. About 20 car loads a week are shipped from here. Mr. Bennett, of Runville, is shipping a car load a day.

Thomas McClellan, a machinist in the Altoona shops, was hit over the head with a piece of steel on Monday night. Mr. McClellan is able to be around but it will be some time before he will be in shape for his work in Altoona.

Don't forget the chicken and waffle supper in Grange Hall Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9 and 10, from 5 to 10 P. M. Ice cream and cake on sale. Tickets 25 cents. Proceeds for the Ladies' Aid Society of M. E. church.

While coasting on Saturday Chester Sprow was seriously injured, sustaining a bad fracture in the left arm, a thumb dislocated and a cut about 4 inches long on his jaw. He run into the large coasters the boys were hauling up the hill.

Grant Hoover, of Williamsport, arrived [illegible] Thursday. Grant made tracks at once for his camp in the mountains, where he expects to stay for ten days. He says the foxes are killing off all our small game and he wants to exterminite as many as possible.

Our good friend and neighbor, W. H. Earon, says he is getting tired "baching." His wife departed three weeks ago for New York and expects to be away till spring. Don't blame Henry one bit, as "baching" certainly gets on a man's nerves, especially this kind of weather.

George W. Holt, contract lumberman from this place, who is operating at Tyrone, lost one of his best horses last week. Mr. Holt purchased the horse about 10 days ago from Howard Scholl, on Dix Run. A singular co-incidence is that he only had 6 days work out of the horse when it took sick and died.

On last Friday night a sleighing party composed of young folks from this place started for George Bulkley's at Howard. They report having the time of their lives. They left here at 6 P. M. and got back 6 A. M. The following composed the party: Messrs. Lawrence Barton, Harry McElwain, Boyd Irwin, Charles Fetterman, Laird Morrison, Ralph Holt, Patterson Holt, Joseph Alexander and Frank Jones, and Misses Elizabeth Musser, Kesiah Calhoun, Ruth Parsons, Millie Kertchner, Ruth Summers, Margaret Eckenroth, Elsie Kertchner and Helen Moran.

"The Republican" only $1. a year.

Woodward

Roy Musser had business in Millheim and Aaronsburg on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Runkle spent a day last week with friends in Brush Valley.

Preaching services will be held in the Evangelical Association Church Sunday forenoon.

Frank H. Husted from New York City, spent last week with his friend, C. D. Motz.

Mrs. Immel and son, from Spring Mills, are visiting the formers parents, J. H. Bowersox's.

John and Edward Sheesley, who are employed near Loganton, are spending a few days at home.

Mrs. C. H. Hosterman and Mrs. R. M. Wolfe on Friday visited Mrs. Michael Stover, who is quite ill.

Having spent a week with her sister, Mrs. Henry Meyers, in Rebersburg, Miss Mabelle Boob returned to her home on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Boob left for Lewisburg Monday afternoon to attend the funeral of their grand-daughter, Miss Boob.

50c FOR 25c

On Next Saturday Only

The United Drug Co. of Boston, purchased from one of the leading Brush Factories of France One Thousand Gross of one of their leading style

TOOTH BRUSHES

(144000)—Of this purchase we secured 300 Brushes—These brushes are GUARANTEED equal to the best 25 and 35c brushes on the market—We shall sell them at 25c., but for ONE DAY ONLY, next Saturday, (as an advertisement). We will give with each brush a 25c box of our "Pearl Tooth Powder"—A box of Powder and Brush for 25c.

DON'T MISS THE BARGAIN.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

FIRST IN BENEFITS TO POLICY HOLDERS.

Maximum Dividends

Minimum Net Cost

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PAID POLICY-HOLDERS IN 1910
$56,751,062.28

APPORTIONED FOR DIVIDENDS IN 1911
$13,539,333.07

Assets January 1, 1911		$572,859,062.98
Legal Liabilities	$487,354,777.82	
Reserve for Deferred Dividends and Contingencies	85,504,285.16	
		$572,859,062.98

AGENTS WANTED---Liberal contracts given to men who will devote all or part of their time writing life insurance. Assistance given in closing cases.

JOHN HUGHES BLACKMAN, Mgr.,
J. C. HUGHES, Assistant Mgr.,
Mears Building, Scranton, Pa.

W. L. MALIN, Dist. Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

The Ruby Heart

A Story of Feudal Times In Germany

By F. A. MITCHEL

The tourist steaming on the river Rhine sees high up on the peaks of either bank ruins of castles that several centuries ago were the homes of feudal barons. One of an imaginative turn of mind may picture those strongholds peopled with gayly dressed men and women, soldiers and servants. There lived the baron, descending now and again to the river, collecting tribute from merchants passing up and down, the lion's share of which he took for himself, distributing the rest among those who did his bidding.

In one of those castles, which now stands out against the sky a lonely ruin, dwelt the Baron Rudolf Eidenreid. Below it a little stream flows into the Rhine, and the baron had a boat station concealed by overhanging trees a short distance from its mouth. When a craft loaded with merchandise was seen coming a party would go down to this station and get out the boats, and when the merchant came opposite the mouth of the creek would shoot out to levy tribute. Sometimes the merchant would be protected by armed men; then there would be a fight, but the baronial custom house usually won, and the merchant would be forced to pay the duty.

Among the Rhine maidens of that time was Bertha, the baron's daughter. At times when her father was not at home, when a merchantman was seen coming, she would take command of the revenue party and lead them to collect the tribute. She was greatly admired by all the men at arms in the castle, who would not willingly permit any harm to come to her. But she was brave as the rest of them, and when she was excited by a contest to protect her was no easy matter, for she would often distance her supporters in moving against an enemy.

So great was Bertha's military ardor that she avowed no man should wed her who could not conquer her. She went so far as to wear on her left breast a ruby cut in the shape of a heart to signify that any man who aspired to her hand must be able to place the point of his sword at the spot underneath which her heart was beating.

One morning a party of horsemen was seen ascending the height on which the castle stood. The baron was away, and when these men entered the postern and stood in the courtyard Bertha, looking from a casement, surveyed their leader. He was a young man slenderly made, but very symmetrical. His face was of an intellectual cast, and his long fair hair fell from beneath his velvet plumed cap over his lace collar. Altogether he formed a very pleasing picture to the eyes of the maiden. But the massive muscles that could wield a lance or a battleax were wanting, and his was a strength of intellect rather than of flesh. Bertha opened the casement, saluted the young man and asked the reason for his coming. He announced himself as Count Hubert Rheinhart, a messenger of the king, and he had come to demand on the part of his majesty a hundred armed men to join his army to fight against the king of Sweden. Bertha replied that her father was absent, but the messenger and his retinue were welcome to remain in the castle till the baron's return. The count accepted the invitation, and he and his followers were housed and their horses stabled.

Now, the barons of those days usually yielded military service to the king grudgingly. The kingdom, composed of separate provinces, was loose jointed, and the sovereign found it difficult to enforce his decrees. Bertha, knowing that her father would rather remain at home and increase his wealth by his descents upon unlucky wayfarers, sent a messenger at once advising him of the king's demand, so that he might if he chose remain away until the party, weary with waiting, should go on to collect men and arms elsewhere.

But this was not the only reason for the girl's action. From the moment she caught sight of the fair haired count the spark of love entered her bosom and she decided to keep him as long as possible in the castle. So it was that Count Hubert was detained to fall under the spell of one full of woman's witchery re-enforced by great beauty. But the pity of it was that to win her he must be able to touch the target heart on her breast with the point of his sword. Unfortunately, his training was rather in diplomacy than in feats of arms.

When the little god enters the heart he does not always make himself known. Bertha was conscious of a commotion under the ruby, but did not realize what it was. She regarded it as a desire to attract the count as she had attracted other men, give him the opportunity to win her she had given them and beat him at the same game.

So she entertained him royally and soon made him forget his errand in the pleasure he took in her company. His escort, being provided with all they wanted, were in no hurry to go on. Besides, it was observed that they had no will other than that of their leader, whom they treated with great respect. Now and again Baron Eidenreid sent a messenger to ask if the party had gone, and Bertha replied that they were still in the castle.

The young man must have possessed a refinement superior to his fellows of that rude age, for though he noticed from the moment he met the girl that she wore the ruby heart on her left breast, he did not ask why she did so. Though he felt the effect of Cupid's shaft as soon as he saw her, he seemed to be resisting it. This only made her more eager to conquer him.

One evening just before dark a craft was seen floating down the river loaded with merchandise. Bertha, who was with the count, stole away from him and, donning her military costume, descended to the creek, took command of the boats starting to levy tribute and went out to intercept the stranger. There was a fight, in which the latter was worsted, as usual, and the tax paid. Bertha, flushed with the fray, returned to the castle and, ascending a spiral staircase leading to her room to change her costume, met Count Hubert face to face.

The sight of the girl, her dark eyes flashing with the memory of the fight, her raven hair that had come unloosened and fallen in a coil on her shoulder, her tight fitting costume displaying the grace of her supple figure, was too much for the young lover.

Whatever was the reason for his resistance to the spell he had fallen under, he broke through all reserve, clasped her in his arms and pressed his cheek against hers.

Disengaging herself, she told him the meaning of the ruby heart.

"Alas!" he said. "I am no swordsman. I have been interested in knowledge and my profession is diplomacy. I have neither a taste for arms nor time to perfect myself in their use. Nevertheless I shall avail myself of my only chance."

Although those were rough times and Bertha was a real, not a sham, fighter, she did not mean by wearing the ruby that the man who would win her must stab her in the heart. It was intended to give notice that he must be sufficiently skillful to do so. She told Count Hubert that he must place the point of his rapier upon the ruby, leaving him to infer that if he went further he would kill her. The count was appalled and ready to forego the trial, but Bertha egged him on, saying that she felt perfect confidence in being able to protect herself. Beside himself with a love which he must take so great a risk to gratify, he consented to the meeting, declaring that if through a mishap he killed her he would plunge his weapon into his own heart.

From the staircase Bertha went to her room, where she dressed herself in fencing costume, and instead of the ruby on her heart she wore a heart made of red silk, a much better target than the jewel. Rejoining Count Hubert, the two went to the armory, where, taking up swords that had already been used in such encounters, they put themselves in fencing positions.

Now the count, as has been said, was no swordsman, but a diplomat. Knowing that if he won at all it must be by diplomacy, he sought a plan that would bring him success by a ruse. But no plan suggested itself except one fraught with danger, and he was loath to use it. For an hour he fenced with his antagonist, hoping to tire her out, but at the end of that time she seemed as fresh as ever, while he had lost strength. Then he determined, as a last resort, to put into practice his stratagem. Pressing his antagonist hotly, he forced her to assume the defensive, and when she did so, their swords being crossed, he guided the point of hers into a fleshy part of his right side.

Bertha, horror stricken, withdrew her sword, then dropped it. Hubert stood immovable till he heard the weapon rattle on the floor, then, taking his own sword by the blade, made a lunge and touched the red heart on her breast with its hilt. Flinging his weapon away, he cried exultingly:

"I have won."

Summoning assistance, Bertha had the count, who was weak from loss of blood, carried to his room. A surgeon was called, but since in those days there was no remedy except blood letting and the patient had quite enough of that there was nothing to do but bind up the wound.

One of the count's escort, hearing that his leader had been stabbed, rushed into the room where Bertha was bending over the wounded man, seeing his condition, shouted:

"Treason! The prince has been assassinated."

"The prince!" exclaimed Bertha, aghast.

"Yes, the prince—the crown prince."

"Peace," said the wounded man. "I have not been assassinated. I have met with an accident in play."

And thus it came out that Count Hubert was the crown prince, who incognito was making a tour with a view to assembling a force to meet the king of Sweden, who had just declared war. Bertha sent at once a messenger to her father urging him to return and when he came announced that she was betrothed to the heir to a kingdom. When the baron learned this he was so pleased that he was ready to forego plundering luckless merchants and march himself at the head of double the force that the king had asked for.

Baron Eidenreid never returned to his castle, for he was killed in the war, and his daughter had no need of her former home, because she became crown princess and afterward queen. So the castle fell gradually into decay, which was perhaps just as well for the traffic on the Rhine below. At any rate there were no more customs collectors shooting out from the mouth of the stream beneath the stronghold.

Pickled Steel.

"To keep the iron and steel used in building big ships from rusting," said an engineer, "is a matter of supreme importance. The admiralty is very particular that every piece shall be painted the moment it is ready for building purposes. But the steel plates form a hard black surface, called 'mill scale,' in the process of manufacture. This clings tenaciously to the plate, and if it is covered with paint and afterward the plate gets damaged then the scale peels off, taking the paint with it, and leaving the steel bare. The plate is then liable to rust corrosion, a serious danger to the ship.

"We therefore remove every trace of scale before painting the steel plate. It is put into a bath of dilute hydrochloric acid for a few hours, which loosens the scale. The plate is then brushed with wire brushes and washed with a hose. This is what we call 'pickling steel.'"—London Answers.

The One That Chose to Pay.

Three men had been out on a spree, and on the way home late at night they made a wager that the one who did not do as his wife told him should pay for a champagne supper the following night.

The first one returned home, and his wife greeted him thus:

"Hello, you beauty! That's right—knock all the ornaments off the mantelpiece!"

He knocked them all off.

The second returned and on going into his house fell against the piano, whereupon his wife said:

"Go on; get a chopper and smash it up!"

He did so.

The third returned, and on going upstairs his wife said:

"You miserable wretch, fall downstairs and break your neck!"

Needless to say, he paid for the supper.—London Spare Moments.

The Antiquity of Man.

It has been known during a long time that in western Europe man existed during the glacial epoch. We now know that the great ice age consisted of different glacial times separated by intergiacial times. In glacial times the snow line dropped 3,000 or 4,000 feet below its present level in the Alps, whereas in intergiacial times it lay about 1,000 feet higher than at present. Thus the temperature seems to have been higher in the intergiacial periods than it is now. There is abundant evidence, in the opinion of Penck, that man existed during the beginning of the last glacial epoch. There is some reason for thinking that at least 20,000 years have elapsed since the last glaciation and that the man whose jawbone was found in 1909 near Heidelberg lived 200,000 years ago.—Scientific American.

Improving on Shakespeare.

"In a Jacksonville court," said a Florida congressman, "a lawyer quoted Shakespeare—'Who steals my purse steals trash'—to a deaf judge.

"'What's that?' the judge demanded.

"'"Who steals my purse steals trash,"' the lawyer repeated. '"'Twas something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave"'—

"'Louder! I can't hear you!' said the judge irritably.

"'"Who steals my purse,"' repeated the unfortunate lawyer, '"steals trash. 'Twas"'—

"'Can't you speak up?' growled the deaf judge.

"At this point the crier thought it time to interfere. He bent over the judge and shouted in his ear:

"'He just says, sir, that anybody what steals his pocketbook won't get nothing.'"

Cromwell and the Specter.

The stories of the "white lady" that periodically visits the German royal family and of the "little red man" that frequently paid his respects to the great Napoleon are tolerably well known, especially that of the former. But few perhaps are familiar with the story of Cromwell's "giant specter." It appeared to him one night when he was wide awake and quietly resting on his couch. In appearance the apparition was a woman of gigantic proportions. Approaching him, she announced in tones like thunder, "Within the year you, my son, will be recognized as the greatest man in Britain."

Insects That Use Rubber.

When para trees are tapped after the gum has run into receptacles and stiffened a species of large black ant is accustomed to cut out pieces of the rubber and carry them away. Bees also find uses for india rubber, and some species in South America actually cut the bark of trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready made wax for their nests.—Harper's Weekly.

The Gilded Man.

At the headquarters of the Orinoco Spanish traditions located the land of El Dorado, "the gilded man," a potentate whose country was so rich in gold dust that he had his body anointed with oil and sprinkled with gold every morning, so that he shone in the sun as though gilded.

An Old Story.

"She tells me that there is a platonic love. What does that mean, hubby?"

"Means that we'll have to dig up for a wedding present in about two months."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That Would Do.

"If you want to find out who is boss here start something."

"All right. I see your clock isn't going."—New York Press.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—Garrick.

The Race With the Ram.

In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Ait-el-Hanwela," the rain feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man rushes along with his burden till he reaches the door of the cadi's palace. If the animal is still breathing the augury is excellent, for good luck is to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are muttered.

The One Dish Diet.

A food specialist said of dieting:

"The simplest, easiest and most efficacious diet to bring down the weight is the one dish diet. At no meal, that is, should more than one dish be eaten.

"The dish may be what you will—Irish stew, macaroni and cheese, roast beef, vegetable soup, bacon and eggs—but no courses are to precede or follow it. You may eat as much as you choose of the dish, and yet for all that you will lose weight steadily.

"It's the variety of dishes—the oysters, soup, fish, turkey, mince pie, ice cream—it's the variety of dishes, creating an artificial appetite when the body has really had all it requires, that causes corpulence. If we confine ourselves to one dish we know when we've had enough—we don't know otherwise—and the result is that we soon drop down to the slimness natural to children, animals and temperate and healthy men and women."

He Started the Trouble.

Mrs. Johnson had begun to learn French and was gleefully informing her husband of the rapid progress she was making in her studies.

"I'm afraid," remarked Johnson, "that you'll soon grow tired. I've known people tackle a foreign tongue, expecting to know all about it in a few weeks, but before they have mastered even the rudiments their enthusiasm has evaporated and they have given up the task as hopeless."

"Oh, that's not the case with me," declared Mrs. Johnson confidently. "I am getting on splendidly, and Professor Dubois says I shall soon begin to think in French."

"Well," the husband murmured, "I won't interpose any further objection, and I shall be glad when you are able to [illegible] it will be something you have been unable to do in any other language!"

Twain's Most Quoted Witticism.

Of all the witty things said or written by Mark Twain no phrase has been quoted oftener than his reply to an alarmist report, "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated." I think the history of this bonmot, says a correspondent, may interest. Mark Twain was on a visit to London some years ago and had been secured as the chief guest of a dinner to be given by a literary club. On the morning of the day when the dinner was to take place the secretary was shocked to hear a rumor that Mark Twain had died suddenly. At his wits' end, he sought to verify it by a diplomatic note to Mrs. Clemens, in which he mentioned the rumor. Mark Twain got hold of the note and telegraphed the now famous reply, "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated."

The Fleur-de-lis.

The fleur-de-lis, the well known emblem of France, is said to have been brought from heaven by an angel to King Clovis, he having made a vow that if he proved victorious in an impending battle with the Alemanni near Cologne he would embrace Christianity. It was the national emblem until the revolution of 1789, when the tricolor (white, red and blue) was adopted. The royalists in 1871 tried to restore the old emblem to the flag, but without success.—New York American.

Spoiled His Sport.

"How many ducks did you shoot, Pat?"

"The divil a wan."

"Weren't there any there?"

"Sure th' lake wor full av thim, but ivry toime I'd point me gun at wan, d'ye moind, another wan w'd get betwixt me an' him an' spoil me a'm!"—Toledo Blade.

The Comforter.

Visitor—I just looked in to cheer you up a bit, and I'm very glad I did, for I met the doctor going out, and he says you're worse than you think and unless you keep up your spirits you can't recover.—London Opinion.

Comparatively Easy.

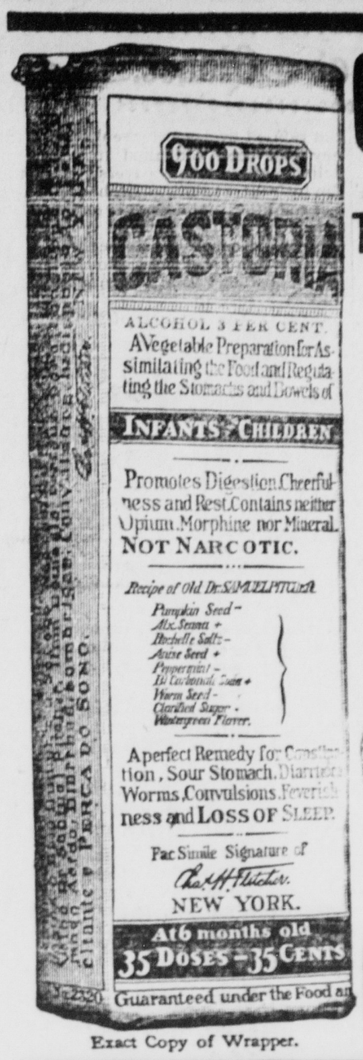
"It is hard to lose the savings of a lifetime."

"Oh, not so hard. I know of a dozen men with schemes that you could go into."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Patriotism.

It is the duty of every man who desires to carry on his business in peace and safety to take his share in the defense of his country.—Sir Walter Besant.

The rule in carving holds good as to criticism—never cut with a knife what you can cut with a spoon.—Charles Buxton.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The Secret Blotter.

Every foreign office of Europe acts on the theory that an army of spies is constantly on the alert to steal its secrets, and infinite precautions are taken to baffle their efforts. Very shortly after the first use of blotting paper it was discovered that it was quite possible to cause a blotting pad to give up jealously guarded secrets by simply holding it in front of a mirror. Long after all the commercial world had forgotten the existence of such a thing the British foreign office used a sand shaker to dry its important written documents. Then specially manufactured black blotting paper was used, but this was not found to be absolutely spy proof, and a return to the sand shaker was contemplated when some one suggested the simple expedient of a small absorbent roller. These rollers have since been used for drying diplomatic documents. When such a roller has been run up and down and across a document once or twice the cleverest spy in the world is at liberty to try his hand at deciphering the impressions.

It Didn't Work.

"The late Andrew Gernand of Baltimore was an inventor who devoted his life to perpetual motion, pausing by the way to invent for one son a corn reaper that brought in $1,000,000, and for another son a corn sheller that netted an almost equal fortune."

The speaker, an official of the patent office in Washington, shook his head sadly.

"Once," he resumed, "I ventured to take the brilliant Gernand to task. I told him he was wasting his time on perpetual motion. I said that there ought to be a law forbidding all perpetual motion work.

"'Do you think,' said he, 'that a law forbidding work on perpetual motion would do much good?'

"'I'm sure it would,' said I.

"'And yet you must remember,' said Mr. Gernand with a twinkle in his eye, 'that there was a law forbidding apples in the garden of Eden.'"—Los Angeles Times.

A Duplex Church.

Old Heidelberg is justly celebrated for its castle, for the great tun therein which holds 83,000 bottles of wine and was actually filled on three occasions, and for the ancient university with one professor for each seven students; but perhaps the most interesting thing in the old city from one point of view is the Church of the Holy Ghost.

This church is one of the most ancient buildings in the town. Long ago a partition wall was run through the center, and services are held simultaneously according to the Roman Catholic and the Protestant rituals.

In the year 1791 the Elector, Charles Philip, attempted to stop the dual services, but this so offended the Heidelbergers that he was compelled not only to desist in this effort, but to remove the electoral court to Mannheim.—Harper's.

"Railways" and "Railroads."

We are all speaking of "railways" now instead of "railroads," as they do in America. Both words seem to be of about equal age in this country. Cobbett in 1832 wrote of "rail-ways" with the hyphen, Scott in 1831 of "railroads." But already in 1808 an engineering journal declared that "railway" by this time seemed to be generally adopted as the popular form, though nearly twenty years later Ruskin still talked of "railroads." It is curious that America has preserved the word which remembers the descent of the railway from the old road, while Americans speak of "engineers" and "conductors" where we say "drivers" and "guards," perpetuating the old coaching words.—London Spectator.

Sartorial Discord.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood was greatly attached to a regiment of highlanders when the latter were stationed at Portsmouth. Sir Evelyn, then a captain, one day returned from London and with great hurry proceeded to array himself for parade. When he at last emerged he observed that his men were evidently at great pains to conceal their laughter, and he quietly questioned his subaltern as to the probable reason. "Well, sir," replied the latter, "you are dressed correctly as to kilt, sporran and all the rest of it, but you have forgotten to remove your tall hat!"

Safer at a Distance.

"That member of congress says you have voted for him for the last fifteen years."

"That's right," replied Farmer Corntossel.

"You must think a lot of him."

"Well, I dunno. You see, fifteen years ago I had a couple o' hoss trades with him, an' since then I've allus felt safer with him spendin' so much of his time in Washington."—Washington Star.

Explained.

"What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband as she looked at his Masonic seal.

"Well, really, my love," he replied encouragely, "I presume it is because they can't sit down."—New York Journal.

Crafty.

"What does the veterinary surgeon next door advise for your pet lap dog's sickness?"

"He forbids my playing the piano."—Fliegende Blatter.

Realism.

Artist—This is my painting, "Youth In the Melon Patch." Critic—But where are the melons? Artist—What a foolish question!—Toledo Blade.

Box and Its Meanings.

The word "box" has a great many different meanings. Here are some of its uses as a noun substantive: First, a case of any size or material, akin to pyx, from pyxus, the box tree; second, the driver's seat on a carriage, which often has a lid covering a receptacle for small parcels; third, a present, especially a gift at Christmas time; fourth, inclosed seats in a theater or in a court of justice; fifth, a box drain; sixth, a snug private house, as a shooting box; seventh, a cylindrical hollow iron in wheels, in which the axle runs; eighth, a trough for cutting miters in carpentry; ninth, the space between the backboard and sternpost of a boat; tenth, an awkward position—e. g., "in the wrong box;" eleventh, the box tree; twelfth, the box iron of a laundress. Box is used also as a verb, to fight with fists or gloves; fourteenth, to go over the points of the compass in order, describing its divisions; fifteenth, to strike with open hand upon the ear; sixteenth, to cause a vessel to turn on her keel, to box haul. Other uses also are consequent upon these.

Two Clever Statesmen.

One crisis in Lord Palmerston's life illustrates the absolute good humor which may prevail even when political enmity is at its worst. Lord Derby had made an attack upon him in the upper house with such energy and eloquence that the odds against him seemed overwhelming. But he defended himself and his policy from the dusk of one day to the dawn of another with such tact, dexterity and force of appeal to the national sense of honor that he was acquitted of all blame by a majority of fourscore.

Next day in passing through the corridor leading from an anteroom to the upper house one swing door opened to his hand and at the same moment the other to that of Lord Derby. They were opponents, but they were also manly and sweet natured men. They smiled.

"I was just thinking," said Palmerston, "what a clever fellow he was who so nearly put me in a hole!"

"Ah," was the rejoinder, "but nothing like the cleverness of the fellow who got you out of it!"

Winning a Bet.

Lord Marcus Beresford is, like all the Waterford family, full of high spirits. There is but one person entitled to drive down Rotten row—the Duke of St. Albans—and it is doubtful if ever he cares to exercise the privilege. But Lord Marcus bet he would do it in broad daylight and without interference. The wager was accepted and the time fixed for the adventure about noon. All Lord Marcus' friends came trooping along to see him, but time went on, and nothing could be seen of the sportsman.

By and by a watering cart came along, driven by the usual waterman in a smock. As the car passed along leisurely the driver smiled, and on closer observation Lord Marcus' friends recognized the winner of the wager.—London Sketch.

A Window Washer's View.

A window washer was called upon one day to clean the windows of a business concern on the nineteenth floor of a skyscraper in lower Broadway. The cleaner paused in wonderment as he passed through the lines of typewriter operators as they clicked off their correspondence and went to the window and fastened the two straps dangling from his belt to hooks at the side of the window frame. He cast another surprised glance at the men operating the typewriters, and as he swung outward over the dizzy height, his weight sustained by the slender straps, he muttered:

"It's mighty odd how some people do make their living in this world anyway!"—New York Herald.

The Greatest Traveler.

By migrating from pole to pole the arctic tern becomes the greatest traveler in the world and also manages to enjoy more daylight than any other bird. It has been found nesting within 500 miles of the pole. When the young are grown the entire family leave for the south and some months later are found skirting the edges of the antarctic. As the daylight season draws to a close in the far south the long journey north is undertaken.

A Privilege Usurped.

"I understand Casey, the contractor, is having trouble with his wife," said Mr. Rafferty.

"What about?" inquired Mr. Dolan.

"I think it's a kind of jealousy. Casey came around with a black eye that she didn't give him."—Exchange."

A Fishy Romance.

Mabel—So Jack Miller didn't marry Miss Herring after all? Judith—No. She rejected him. Mabel—How did Jack take it? Judith—Oh, he said there was as good fish in the sea as were ever caught out of it and went after Miss Salmon.

Proof of It.

Mrs. Dresser—But, George, you surely don't consider yourself a financier? Mr. Dresser—Certainly I do. How do you suppose I've kept from paying your milliner's bill for so long if I'm not a financier?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Matrimonial Note.

"This thing of getting married," said the girl who was busy with her trousseau, "is certainly a trial."

"A trial, yes," agreed the cynical bachelor, "but it isn't half so bad as working out the sentence."—Town Topics.

The habit of being critical about small things is not a good one to establish in one's life.

Uncommercial Liszt.

Artistic folk frequently have somewhat vague notions about business. Some of them are quite ignorant of it, others utterly indifferent to it and others yet hate the very name of it. One in the last named category was Liszt. He had returned from a successful tour, and Princess Metternich, the wife of the celebrated statesman and diplomatist, was questioning him regarding the concerts he had been giving abroad.

"I hear," she said, "that you did good business in Paris."

To which Liszt gave the tart reply, "I only played some music there. Business—that I leave to bankers and diplomatists."

To another lady the musical cleric gave a still more sarcastic answer. "Ah, Abbe," she sighed, "what a great fortune you would make if only you could be induced to go to America to play!"

"Madame," returned Liszt, "if you stood in need of that fortune, believe me, I would go at once."

The Names of Moses.

Moses of Scriptural fame is called by eight different names in various places in the Bible. Bathia, the daughter of Pharaoh, called him Moses because she drew him out of the water. Jochebed, his mother, called him Jekuthiel, saying, "I had hoped for him." Miriam, his sister, called him Jared because she had descended after him into the water to see what his end would be. Aaron called his brother Abi Zanuch because his father had deserted their mother. Amram, the father of Moses, called the boy Chabar because he was again reunited to the mother of the lad. Kehath, the grandfather of Moses, called him Abigdor because God had repaired the breach in the house of Jacob. The nurse of the grandfather of Moses called him Abi Socho because he was once hidden three months in the Tabernacle. All Israel called him Shemaiah because "in his days God heard their cries and rescued them from their oppressors."

Dot and Trousseau.

Dealing with the weaknesses of actors, some noted for meanness, a Paris contemporary relates a good story of Frederick Lemaitre, the celebrated actor, who was somewhat parsimonious. When his daughter was about to marry, Lemaitre agreed to provide the "dot" and the trousseau. "Dot," it may be observed, is the French equivalent for the English "dower" or Scottish "tocher."

When the notary came to complete the contract and was reading the terms Lemaitre said: "The daughter of Frederick Lemaitre has not need of a dot. M. Le Notaire, strike out the dot."

The prospective son-in-law was present, and he had the courage to reply: "The daughter of Frederick Lemaitre can easily clothe herself with the fame of her father. M. Le Notaire, pray strike out the trousseau."

The Cry of the Loon.

The cry of the loon is one of the strangest, weirdest sounds in nature. Those who have heard it can scarcely wonder that it has so often been woven into song and legend.

A blood red ring hung round the moon.
Hung round the moon. Ah, me! Ah, me!
I heard the piping of the loon,
A wounded loon. Ah, me!
And yet the eagle feathers rare
I, trembling, wove in my brave's hair.

Almost all writers who have attempted to describe the cry of this bird have likened it to unmirthful laughter. Thus Mr. Vernon Bailey, speaking of the sound, describes it as follows: "Only on the lonely lake in the heart of the woods do you get the startling thrill of the loon's wild cry—one clear, piercing note or a long, quavering, demoniacal laugh that to the timid suggests a herd of screaming panthers."

Four Kinds of Liars.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

Extra Hazardous.

Beers—Poor Mrs. DeAlterres has always been unlucky in the selection of her husbands.

Townsend—Why do you say that?

Beers—Her first husband was a guide in the Adirondacks, her second was a baseball umpire, her third was a manufacturer of dynamite and her last was an aviator.—Chicago News.

A Generous Spirit.

"Henry, I want $2 this morning."

"What for?"

"Must I account to you for every penny I spend?"

"I don't insist upon knowing about every penny. When it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted It Abbreviated.

Jeweler—What shall I engrave in it?

Customer—G. O. to H. L.

Jeweler—What's that, sir?

Customer (meekly)—George Osborne to Harriet Lewis; but just the initials, please.—Lippincott's.

His Sole Dread.

Hammond—Don't you dread the silent watches of the night? Martin—No; it's the cuckoo clocks that give me away.—Harper's Bazar.

Good intentions will never justify bad actions.

A Cartographic Curiosity.

Catherine de' Medici once entertained the ambition of acquiring both North and South America as appendages to her crown, and with that object in view she dispatched a couple of her representatives to the scene of operations. The northern section of the enterprise was committed to the charge of the queen's favorite, Troilus de Mesgonez, who was adorned with the title of viceroy of France and sailed from Havre with a large fleet, only to be wrecked in the Atlantic. Another favorite, Strozzi, was commissioned to capture South America, but he was no more fortunate than Mesgonez, for he was killed at the Azores. These happenings, however, took a long time to reach the ears of Queen Catherine, and in the meantime she nursed her dreams and prepared a map on which "the new world of the north" and "the new world of the south" figured as colonies of France. This cartographic curiosity is among the map treasures of the National library in Paris.

Sweetness That Never Palls.

During a sleepless night the Vizier Mujjeduddin Kumija dispatched his slave, Bedruddin Ejas, to bring him sweets. The slave procured a copper kettle heaped with many kinds of fruits and sweets, and Mujjeduddin began to eat.

"You relish them, my master?" asked the slave.

The vizier shrugged his shoulders. "These fruits are sweet—for the moment," he said, "but show me a fruit the sweetness of which will endure even unto the judgment day."

"Such fruits there are, my master," cried the slave and hastened toward the Mesched Husa, where he awoke the starving orphans in the house of Allwin and led them forth into the room of his master. Overjoyed, the famished children devoured the fruits.

"Look, oh, my master," said the slave. "Here you see fruits the sweetness of which endures unto the judgment day."

Two Little Bills.

Robert was in the habit of expecting reward for every little service. At the end of the week he made out a "bill" to his mother and carefully laid it where her eyes would fall upon it. The items were as follows:

"Mother Owes to Robert.

"Five cents for running errands.

"Five cents for being good."

That evening there appeared beside Robert's plate a paper upon which was written:

"Robert owes mother, for years of happiness, nothing; for nursing him through long illnesses, nothing; for doing good to him, nothing."

Thoroughly ashamed of himself, Robert ran to mother, threw his arms around her and sobbed:

"Mother, I will do everything I can for you after this, and I'll never ask you to give me anything but just love."—Omaha World-Herald.

Easy to Please.

"So," said his girl's papa furiously, "you think you could make my little girl Arethusa happy?"

The young man considered his prospective pa-in-law, who had gout and a face like a fire engine and an eighty horsepower temper.

"She's been happy with you, sir, hasn't she?" the young man asked.

"I think so, my boy—I think so," replied his girl's papa. "I certainly think so. I think so certainly. I'm certain I think so."

"Well," chimed in the young man sweetly, "if she's been happy with you I certainly think I can make her happy. I think so. I think so certainly. I'm certain I think so."

Sleepwalking.

Somnambulism has been a mystery and a matter of discussion to the medical profession since the days of the ancients. They knew as well as we all now know that there is such a thing as somnambulism, or walking in the sleep. They attempted to explain it just as modern medical science has been endeavoring to explain it ever since. But as it was then so it is now. There are so many explanations that even the physician is puzzled to decide which to accept.

A Freak.

The elevator was waiting for passengers on the ground floor of the skyscraper when an excited woman fluttered over to the man running it.

"Does this car go up?" she inquired, breathless.

"No, madam," said the elevator man, unperturbed, "this is a crosstown car."—New York Times.

The One Place.

"That Mrs. Gossip seems to be at home wherever she may be."

"Well, I saw her in a place yesterday where she seemed decidedly restless and uneasy."

"You don't say? Where was that?"

"At home."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Awkwardly Expressed.

Gushing Lady—I hear you've been away for your health, professor. Musical Lion—Yes. I've been at Marienbad taking the baths. Gushing Lady—Really! That must have been a change for you!—London Opinion.

What's the Answer?

The inevitable kid and his question: "Papa, who furnishes the meat for the train, the cow catcher or the train butcher?"—Santa Fe Employees' Magazine.

Pretty Bad.

"Was the play bad?"

"Well, I should say. Why, even the lights went out at the close of the second act."

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The piercing pains of Neuralgia, which often follows a bad cold or La Grippe, are frequently almost unbearable and few medicines afford any relief to the sufferer.

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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.50
	State College	7.25	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	† 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.46

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	† 5.03
	Krumrine	† 8.06	.....	† 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.10	† 5.25
	Briarly	† 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	† 8.28	12.18	† 5.35
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.30	† 5.50
Ar.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	† 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

STAMMERING CURED Book Free.
Lamb School, 1257 Franklin St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.
A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the
UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parish

Here and There.

Don't miss Green's Tooth Brush Sale next Saturday.

W. L. Foster, of State College, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

The communion services announced for last Sunday in the Reformed church at Zion were postponed until next Sunday, Feb. 11th at 2.30 P. M.

J. Linn Harris spent Sunday at Atlantic City with his sister, Mrs. Frank Warfield, and her daughter, Mary, returning home on Tuesday morning.

Miss Agnes L. Orbison yesterday had public sale of some of her household goods. She will ship some of her things to Princeton, N. J. where she will make her home with a sister.

Mrs. Willis W. Rishel arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday from Spring Mills and visited until yesterday at the home of her brother, Harry H. Ruhl, before returning to her home at Montgomery.

A birthday party in honor of Miss Lela Ardery was giving on Monday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth E. Ardery. About twenty-five guests were present and all had a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Howard Gearhart, who had been visiting her sister Mrs. C. M. Parrish, for some time, departed on Monday for Coatesville, where her husband has taken charge of the Adams Express Company office.

Don't forget that to-night, Thursday, is the last night of Hadley's Travel Pictures. Don't confuse with the ordinary pictures in any way. Instructive, entertaining, amusing. Highest class in every respect. Prices 10 and 25c.

Harold Brennan, of Pittsburg, who several years ago attended State College and who is related to the Fox family, in Bellefonte, this week spent several days in town, enroute to Florida, where he will engage in growing oranges and strawberries.

The Bellefonte lodge of Elks will hold a reception, with dancing and cards, at the clubhouse on Tuesday evening of next week. The committee in charge consists of Hard P. Harris, John D. Sourbeck, A. B. Kimport, J. M. Cunningham and Henry C. Quigley. Each member of the lodge will be entitled to take one guest.

Mr and Mrs. William W. Walizer, of Mackeyville, are receiving congratulations on the arrival on Friday of last week of a ten-pounds boy baby. Mr. Walizer is the Central Railroad of Penna. road supervisor at Mackeyville. The latest born is the fourth child in the family, but is the first boy and Mr. Walizer is correspondingly happy.

A wedding of interest to the numerous Bellefonte friends of the groom was solemnized at high noon yesterday, at Mechanicsburg, the contracting parties being Rev. I. C. Shearer and Miss Minnie Virginia Webb. The groom is pastor of the Bellefonte circuit, United Evangelical church. His bride is an estimable young lady, whose home is at Mechanicsburg.

An informal but very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage on Thursday of last week, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum officiating. The contracting parties were Charles Clarence Rhoades and Miss Erma V. Brown. The bride is a daughter of M. and Mrs. Robert H. Brown and is a most estimable young lady. The groom is one of Bellefonte's popular young men. The many friends of the happy young couple wish them much joy and prosperity.

The Coleville band will give a benefit entertainment at the Lyric theatre of Wednesday evening, February 14. The admission will be 10 cents and tickets may be purchased at any time at the Lyric. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the band, which is one of the best in Central Pennsylvania and which deserves the support of our home people. If you want to help along a good thing and at the same time enjoy an evening of good band music, spend 10 cents and go to the Lyric next Wednesday evening.

Walter H. Weaver, Wilbur Decker and Fred Koush, all of Pine Grove Mills, were in Bellefonte on Tuesday evening, their mission being to enlist as members of Company L. N. G. P. Thus far the Company has not succeeded in electing a Second Lieutenant. A deadlock has existed for several weeks. There are two rival aspirants for the honor and while each has mustered considerable strength neither has been able to show sufficient votes to elect. Another effort to break the deadlock will be made tomorrow evening.

Postmaster John Gowland, of Philipsburg, who has more friends than the average man, went to Philadelphia on Monday, where he will undergo an operation on his left eye. He was accompanied by Dr. W. B. Henderson, of Philipsburg. The operation will be performed at the Polyclinic hospital by Dr. Stanley O. Risley, chief inspector of the Wills Eye hospital. A second operation will be performed in three or four weeks, after which time it is believed that Mr. Gowland's vision will be much improved. That such will be the case is the fond hope of a host of admiring friends in this section.

Hon. S. B. Elliott a member of the Penna State Forestry Reservation Commission, will deliver an illustrated lecture on Forestry to the children of the Public Schools in the High School building on Friday afternoon at three o'clock and in the evening at halfpast seven he will talk to the adults on the same subject. Mr. Elliott is a man of international reputation in this line of work, and has studied the forestry conditions not only in all parts of the United States, but in foreign countries as well, notably those in Germany, where nearly two hundred years ago the Germans found themselves confronted with the same conditions in relation to their forests and their preservation as now so seriously menaces our own country, and who today have the most perfect system of practical forestry of any country in the world. To any one interested in this great and important subject a rare treat is in store for them in having an oppertunity of listening to Mr. Elliott. The lecture is absolutely free, and is given for the sole purpose of education along the lines of forestry, and to arouse the public mind to the seriousness of the situation that confronts us, not only as a state but as a nation, in the total loss of our forests and forest trees.

G. F. Stevens, of Waddle, transacted business in town yesterday.

Charles Gunsaullus, of Nittany, has sold his property to William Kessinger.

Be sure to read the "ad" on upper right hand corner on our fifth page.

Miss Elizabeth Gephart is entertaining Miss Rachel Stern, of Williamsport.

William M. Bottorf, of Scotia, was a visitor in town between trains yesterday.

Something on fifth page that ought to interest parents—upper right hand corner.

James Gray, of Milesburg, was a welcome caller yesterday at "The Republican" office.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley departed yesterday for Yonkers, N. Y., where she will visit for a time.

The wedding of Jerome Harper and Miss Lulu Smith will be solemnized on Monday, February 19th.

The timber on the Moses Thompson estate, near Waddle, has been purchased by the Huyett-McNitt Co.

Mrs. F. C. Montgomery has closed her Bellefonte home and will spend the next few months in Philadelphia.

Miss Katherine Cohen, of DuBois, is visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cohen, on Lamb Street.

Mrs. Howard Dry, of Tyrone, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Barlett, on Thomas Street.

Dan O'Leary wears two smiles these days. He couldn't get along with one. Twin boys arrived at the O'Leary home last Friday night.

Misses Anne and Caroline Valentine will sail from New York on Saturday for a five-months tour of Italy, France and England.

Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of State College, will sail with his family on February 21st., for Egypt, planning to be gone until early in June.

Mrs. Oscar Adams and Miss Pearl Sowers on Saturday returned to their home at Philipsburg, after an extended visit with Bellefonte friends.

Walter Cohen, the hustling manager of Claster's store, departed on Sunday for New York, to inspect the very latest styles in spring and summer goods.

Mrs. Carrie Graham and son, George, from Wilmerding, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Robb, who is ill at her home on High Street.

Miss Elizabeth Brown, of Huntingdon, daughter of the late Lawrence L. Brown, was the guest of Miss Marguerite Potter for several days, concluding her visit yesterday.

Harry Goss, until recently located in Bellefonte, now representing the Keeler Motor Company, of Williamsport, this week sold to lawyer W. D. Crosby, of Philipsburg, a 1912 Franklin 25-horse power touring car.

Oliver Braden, of Philadelphia, was a Bellefonte visitor yesterday and while in town he made it a point to call at the hospital on his old friend and one-time Sunday school scholar, Dr. M. J. Locke. The latter, by the way, is getting along entirely satisfactorily and will soon be about.

It is said that the recent survey of the site for the new penitentiary revealed the fact that the "House of Lords" is located within the boundaries of the prison grounds. Which raises the question whether the "House of Lords" is reasonably likely to have many more years of popularity.

A very pleasant caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday was J. I. Wagner, of near Blanchard, his mission being to deliver one of Uncle Sam's one dollar bills which had been handed him by Michael Fravel, of Blanchard, to advance the latter's subscription until well nigh the Christmas season of the year.

The strong Williamsport High School basketball team will play the Bellefonte Academy team at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, in Bellefonte, on Friday evening at 8.30 o'clock. A rattling good game is looked for, the two teams being well matched. The mid-year examinations are under way at the Bellefonte Academy, beginning yesterday and to continue over tomorrow.

Joseph T. Barton, of Unionville, was a genial visitor in town between trains on Tuesday. Saying that he was a genial visitor means more than some might suppose, for Joe has been struggling along under a heavy load of rheumatism and is just beginning to get back into form. He hopes to be able to return to his railroad job on Friday after an enforced idleness of several weeks.

The home of Mrs. Eliza T. Blanchard, on Linn Street, narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire last Saturday evening. Two small rooms in the rear of the house, on the second floor, were badly damaged. The blaze, which was caused by a defective electric light wire, gained considerable headway and was so located that the firemen could get to it only with the greatest difficulty. For this reason the damage from water was greater than than that caused by the fire. Neighbors, who were the first on the scene, formed a bucket brigade and kept the flames from spreading to the front of the house until the firemen arrived. The interior of the house was but recently remodeled.

The costume dance under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Bellefonte, will be given in the armory on Thursday evening, February 15. A grand march, composed of all those wearing masks, whether in costume, evening dress or day dress, will open the dance promptly at 8.30 o'clock. No masks will be removed until 9.30, at which time the general dance will begin. Those going without masks are given the same privilege as to their dress, though it is the preference of the committee, for the carrying out successfully of their plans, that all who can will go in costume. The armory will be well heated and the decorations, always a feature of these dances, will be elaborate and most attractive. Tickets of admission will be seventy-five cents and may be purchased from members of the committee or at the door.

Wanted.

Ten girls and ten boys, sixteen years of age and over, to work in Packing Department. Good wages and steady work. Apply at office or factory.

PENNSYLVANIA MATCH CO.
C. H. TROUP, Supt.

DEATH OF YOUNG MAN

Theodore Hall Weston, Son of Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Passed Away.

One of Bellefonte's finest and most versatile young men passed away when death on Friday night of last week claimed Theodore Hall Weston, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lynn Weston, at the E. K. Rhoads home, on West Linn Street. His death was due to diabetes. He had been in failing health for some time, his condition only becoming critical a few days prior to his death. On the previous Tuesday he became ill. On Friday morning he was seized with a sinking spell from which he did not rally and at 11.45 o'clock that night he passed peacefully away.

Funeral services were held at the Rhoads home on Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, assisted by Rev. Dr. M. A. Schmidt, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum and Rev. C. W. Winey. Many friends of the young man were in attendance. At 8.30 o'clock on Sunday night, accompanied by the family, the remains were taken to Lockport, New York, where interment was made on Monday morning.

Theodore Hall Weston was born at St. Paul, Minn., on September 28, 1890. He was exceptionally versatile and was remarkably popular among a wide circle of friends. He possessed an unusually bright mind and the rapid progress he achieved in his studies gave his family and friends every reason to look forward to a brilliant career. Ill health, however, necessitated his retirement last May from State College, where he was in his sophomore year. A month or two later his family took him to Detroit, Michigan, where a specialist was consulted. It was believed that his broken health was due chiefly to overwork, but it subsequently developed that his system was undermined by diabetes. Even so, no one dreamed that the end was so near at hand and the news of his death was a shock to all.

Mrs. E. B. Shoemaker Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Baer Shoemaker, of Lock Haven, a sister of Mrs. Emma Hess and Mrs. M. J. Deshler, of Aaronsburg, died on Saturday night shortly after 10 o'clock. She had been in poor health for some time and several weeks ago underwent an operation in the Lock Haven hospital. This revealed the fact that she was suffering from an incurable disease and the end came on Saturday night. Deceased was almost 61 years of age and was the widow of the late Rev. D. O. Shoemaker, who was a minister in the Reformed church. She was a devout, Christian woman and an active member of the Reformed church. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. T. M. Stevenson, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. J. F. Kerlin, of Whitwater, Kansas, and one son, H. P. Shoemaker, of Lock Haven. Two sisters also survive: Mrs. Emma Hess and Mrs. M. J. Deshler. Funeral services were held from the late home on Tuesday morning, after which the body was taken to Aaronsburg, where interment was made in the Reformed cemetery.

Pleased With Lecture.

The lecture given by Mrs. Addie B. Parcels in the Baptist church, of Blanchard, was listened to by an appreciative audience. She presented the subject of temperance from an educational viewpoint and showed that men and women must be taught the truth before Pennsylvania will be white. Mrs. Parcels is a brilliant lecturer and is intensely interesting. Twenty-three new members were added to our Union, making sixty-three additions in the county. She delivered an address the following night in the Methodist church in Beech Creek to a very attentive audience. Her address elicited such comments as these: "Never heard such arguments," "Wonderful." Nineteen new names were gathered and immediately a W. C. T. U. was organized. May she come again.

MRS. V. C. RIDGE,
County President.

Francis Porter Briggs Dead.

Francis Porter Briggs died at his home near Warriors Mark, on Monday morning, January 29, after an illness of several months. He was born on Christmas Day, 1872, making his age 39 years, 1 month and 4 days. Nearly all his life was spent in the vicinity of Warrior's Mark, where he was well and favorably known. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Minnie Briggs, and his step-father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cupp, of Warriors Mark.

Parent-Teachers Association.

The next meeting of the association will be held Monday evening, February 12th instead of Tuesday evening. Prof. Jonas E. Wagner will read a paper, "Has the American child too much liberty?" Special music. All parents are urged to attend.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.32
Butter, per pound	.32
Potatoes	1.00

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.95
Wheat, red	1.00
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.65
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.65
Oats, (per bu.)	.50
Rye, (per bu.)	.80
Barley, (per bu.)	.50
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Mrs. Sarah H. Miller Dead.

Mrs. Sara Margaret Miller, wife of William H. Miller and a sister of Calvin Murtorff, of Scotia, died very suddenly at her home one mile north of Tipton on Monday morning, shortly after 6 o'clock. Her death was due to a complication of diseases. Deceased was born at Huntingdon Furnace in 1864. She was married about eleven years ago to Mr. Miller, who survives as do also the following brothers and sisters: Calvin Murtorff, of Scotia; Howard Murtorff of Birmingham; Mrs. Ellen Harpster, of Burnham; Mrs. Amanda Giles, of Coalport; Mrs. Clara Rhodes, of Tipton, and Mrs. Jane Swisher, of Altoona. Funeral services were held today from the late home. Intermend in Oak Ridge cemetery, Altoona.

Miss Mary Finkbinder Dead.

Miss Mary Finkbinder, sister of Rev. C. W. Finkbinder, pastor of the First United Evangelical church at Williamsport, died last Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, at her home, No. 50 Washington street, that city. She was aged 71 years and had lived in Williamsport for over half a century. Beside Rev. Finkbinder, she leaves the following sisters and brother: Mrs. Godfred Hess, Mrs. Charles Laedlein, and Miss Martha Finkbinder, all of Williamsport, and John Finkbinder, of Bellefonte. The funeral took place from the residence at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

CLOSING OUT SALE
— OF —
Harness Store

A large quantity of heavy and light harness, collars, robes, blankets, bells, whips, fly-nets, wagon grease, harness leather and sole leather, safe sewing machine, show cases, etc.,

25 to 50 per cent Reductions

Sale will continue during next few days at store room in the Crider Exchange formerly occupied by William M. McClure

Store room also for rent. Will be suitably repaired for tenant.

F. W. Crider

THREE SPECIALS
That Await You at Claster's This Week Only.

WHITE FANCY LAWNS
Swiss, Madras and Fancy Waistings.

22c yd This lot of white fancy lawns, swiss, madras and waistings is one of the prettiest of the season, new spring designs, every one of them. A novelty that appeals to anyone, as style, quality and finish are all excellent, so the general effect can hardly fail to please. Small mercerized figures on plain woven ground edged with different cords and fancy narrow stripes. There are beauties in small effects, width 28 inches. 22c yd

Price per yard 22c

A Special White Goods Bargain
Mercerized Jacquards.
20c Value For 13½c

Our leader for February in fancy white goods for 1912 A high grade fabric at ridiculous low price. A collection of many styles. There are stripes and figured effects and as pretty as any we have ever seen. A fine woven cloth with mercerized jacquard designs of silky brightness, nobby styles for either waists or dresses. Small figures, medium figures and a splendid assortment of figured stripes, width 28 inches.

Special Bleached Huck Towels
Half Dozen for 55c

Something very special in towel values. Huck-a-back weaves slightly rough, frictional and absorbent, the best drying, and the kind now generally used. It has hemmed ends with either red striped border or plain white. We are making a leader of this number for February only in half dozen lots. It is larger, heavier and better than any other towel offered at the same price. A few extra towels are useable at any time, size 18x34 special at

55c
For ½ dozen

CLASTER'S,
Both Phones. Mail Orders Filled. Bellefonte, Pa.

This week we are having an extraordinary sale of our

Extra Trousers

They are

REDUCED 30 PER CENT

All sizes from 28 to 48 waist. Just the thing to finish out the winter with if you cannot afford a new suit, of which we have plenty left and which are being sold at the same reduction, 30%.

No Sensational Announcements Are Ever Made

in our sales. Come and see the values we are offering. It is our semi-annual clearing out.

Enough said.

Montgomery & Co.